THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 16. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HOME RULE DEBATE.

Chaplin, Redmond, Courtney, Bannerman, Asquith, Chamberlain and Morley Give Their Views For or Against the Bill.

The War of Words on the Second Reading Nearing a Close—No Doubt That the Reading Will be Ordered.

LONDON, April 14.—The debate on the second reading of the Home Rule bill was continued in the house of commons yesterday. Henry Chaplin, president of the board of agriculture in Lord Salisbury's last cabinet, dissected the bill from the Conservative point of view and found many flaws in it. He quoted from a speech delivered by Mr. Gladstone in 1881, in which were pointed out the improved conditions effected in Ireland in the preceding twenty years. Mr. Chaplin referred to the opinions of Cavour, Geffieken and Molinares against Home Rule, as disproving Mr. Gladstone's statement that foreign opinion was unanimously on his side. "If Mr. Gladstone," exclaimed Mr. Chaplin, "is going to take his principles from the foreign enemies of England, it is time that he relinquished the cares of government." Continuing, he said the retention of the Irish members in the Imperial parliament, as provided for in the bill, would prove the beginning of a system of danger and intrigue.

John Edward Redmond, Parnellite, member for Waterford city, declared that the speech made by Mr. Chaplin was stale, flat and unprofitable. The former president of the board of agriculture was a type of the governors who had made Ireland disaffected and the concession of Home Rule to that country inevitable. Mr. Redmond said that he would not have intruded in the debate, but he had found that his silence had been misunderstood and he desired to make his position clear.

The bill had been offered and accepted, Mr. Redmond said, as a compromise measure. The member for Birmingham, Joseph Chamberlain, had complained that the Irish members of the house did not accept the bill as final. What right had he to expect such a guarantee? Mr. Redmond did not believe the bill to be a final settlement and he agreed with Mr. Chamberlain that the final settlement would be found in the direction of a federalism. He believed that the new constitution would be a success and that in the future the bounds of freedom would be widened with the consent of all parties in England. Unless Ireland had no capacity for self-government this constitution must develop. It would be a rash man who would venture to say that it should be immutable for all time. Suppose a clause were inserted declaring the bill to be final. It would not be worth the paper it was written on. If Mr. Chamberlain meant by his complaint to impute bad faith to the Irish members because they refused to accept the bill as a finality, the speaker would utterly disclaim any such interpretation of their intentions. They protested with all the earnestness at their command their desire to accept the measure in an honest, candid spirit, and they hoped the bill would speedily end the miserable chapter of English oppression and Irish resistance. He had never said that Ireland would repudiate imperial supremacy, as has been charged. What he had said was that any interference with Ireland's free exercise of her new privileges would not be consistent with the trust England was about to place in Ireland. He was convinced that the necessity for interference would not arise, because rash or oppressive acts, should they be adopted by the new parliament, would be so many nails in the coffin of the constitution.

Mr. Redmond painted a gloomy picture of the consequences of the rejection of the Home Rule bill. He ridiculed the so-called Ulster argument. There might be a Belfast question, but no Ulster question, 46 per cent of the population of Ulster being Catholic. Many of the Protestant population were afraid to avow their sympathy with Home Rule. He concluded with a warm appeal to the house to throw upon Irish shoulders the sobering influence of responsibility to enable Ireland to become, if not so prosperous and rich and happy, at least as contented, peaceful and free as England.

Leonard H. Courtney (Unionist), member for the Bodmin division of Cornwall, saw no necessity for the Home Rule measure. He had grave misgivings as to whether an Irish parliament would deal with the varied interests of the country as justly as the imperial parliament had dealt with them. He asked why the government had not borrowed a further safeguard from America—namely, the provision that no state should pass any law subversive of obligations or contract.

Mr. Morley here interposed the remark that the government had well considered that point and would be able to give good reasons for the course it had taken.

Mr. Gladstone, replying to Henry Labouchere, Radical member for Northampton, said that the course of the debate on the Home Rule bill did not warrant the invoking of the closure rule.

Called Davitt a Murderer.

LONDON, April 15.—In the house of commons Friday upon the resumption of the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule bill H. Campbell-Bannerman, secretary of war, replied to statements that had been made by Arthur J. Balfour. He said the duty of preserving internal order in Ireland under a Home Rule administration would rest upon the Irish executive. If the civil force should at any time prove inadequate requisition could be made upon the military to preserve order at the discretion of the viceroy.

Mr. Gladstone intimated a desire to close the debate Tuesday next.

Mr. Balfour protested and suggested Friday next as reasonable date for closing the debate.

Home Secretary Asquith delivered an earnest address in behalf of the bill. While Mr. Asquith was commenting upon the conversion to constitutional Home Rule of Michael Davitt, "once a conspirator and a rebel," a dozen or more Irish members suddenly rising called the Speaker's attention to an epithet used by Lord Cranbourne. Daniel Crilly charged Lord Cranbourne with calling Michael Davitt a murderer. Amid cries of "Withdraw," "Apologize," etc, the Speaker called for order. Lord Cranbourne, therefore, made an odd apology. "I said nothing," he said, "but what was true. I quite admit that the expression escaped me, but it was not intended for the ear of the house." Mr. Asquith remarked that the incident showed how scanty was the knowledge of Irish history and Irish leaders possessed by some members of the opposition.

SKELETONS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

A Vision That Caused Gen. William T. Sherman to Decline a Presidential Nomination.

The St. Louis *Republic's* New York correspondent says: Some interesting facts regarding the efforts of the friends of the late Gen. William T. Sherman to place him in nomination for the presidency will be published in the next issue of the *American Monthly Magazine*. Several letters will be published to show that Gen. Sherman did not aspire to the presidency. One of these letters was written to Mrs. John B. Henderson, with whose permission it is published. The letter has an interesting history. It was written while the Republican national convention was in session at Chicago in answer to a letter of Mrs. Henderson on the subject of the desire of many of the leaders of that convention to make Gen. Sherman the Republican nominee for presidency. Mr. Henderson was the chairman of the convention in 1884, and he was anxious to nominate Gen. Sherman, not, it is said, from any antagonism to Mr. Blaine, but because he thought Gen. Sherman surer of election. Before going to Chicago Mr. Henderson broached the subject to Gen. Sherman, but he received no encouragement. Afterward, when the leaders of the opposition to Blaine determined to nominate Gen. Sherman if possible, they asked Mr. Henderson to communicate with him. At the time Mrs. Henderson, who knew him very well and had been present at the interview with him before the convention wrote him, urging him to permit the use of his name. Mr. Henderson received a reply by telegraph—a decided negative—and Mrs. Henderson received a little later a long, characteristic letter dated St. Louis, June 5, 1884. The important passages in the letter follow:

"Chicago, at the hour of my writing, is like the scene in 'Macbeth,' where the witches were mixing their pot of politics—it made little difference whether the 'root of hemlock digged in the dark' went before the S—— or not. So in a few days, when the convention has adjourned, you will care little as to the details—provided the pot boils, and as a candidate there is an average good man.

"Henderson's speech was good enough and it was all sufficient that my dispatch got there in time. Our young friend Roosevelt can use the material of his intended nomination speech for Sherman at the next or the next national convention, for some other fellow, no matter whom.

"I have been behind the curtain at the White House and have seen the skeleton in every room—Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln, and Garfield. You and I both know the Green room and East room and know the shallow flattery of the crowd which has gathered there and will gather there for years, no matter who the occupant may be. I don't want the place. Mrs. Sherman would be simply wretched there, and every time she went to church or any time a priest entered the walls it would be heralded to the four corners of the world. Lizzie doesn't want to go there and Rachel hesitates. My only remaining son would be poisoned and ruined by the place, as so many boys have hitherto been. With these facts branded in my memory, why should I covet the honor?

"Henderson said well, the country labors under the 'embarras de riches,' i.e., of too many men qualified and willing. There is no war, no conscription, no compulsory process, so I am as fairly out as any freedman should be. I never read a political platform in my life and don't believe I will read the one now which has been compounded in the witches' pot in Chicago. If called on today to define my position I would say: 'The Star Spangled Banner and the Lord's Prayer.'

"I am a pretty subject for a political candidate, 'No, I will none of it.' Tell Henderson the only candidate I ever had for president was our old friend Spotted Tail, chief of the Ogallala Sioux—handsome, dignified, and undoubtedly a 'native American.' He was killed in a row at the agency.

"I don't much care who is to be our next president—Blaine, Arthur, John Sherman, Robert Lincoln, Gresham, Edmunds, Harrison, or Joe Hawley; and if this great people cannot choose out of them and must look to the Democratic party there is Tilden, Jeff Davis, and the devil, of which three I would prefer the latter, certain that we now stand so firmly on a besis of strength that our fabric of government cannot be shaken. WM. T. SHERMAN."

OBITUARY.

MR. PETER LEDDY.

THE CITIZEN has sincere regret in announcing the death of its old, faithful and highly respected friend, Mr. Peter Leddy, who died at his residence, No. 3130 Wabash avenue, after a brief illness, on the night of the 12th inst. His health had been failing for some time, and his constitution was so weakened that a sudden attack of pneumonia found him an easy victim. He leaves a wife and children in comfortable circumstances. Mr. Leddy was forn fifty-eight years ago in the province of Ulster, Ireland; but but had been a resident of this country since his boyhood. His love for his native land was deep and abiding, and he took an active interest in every movement organized for her welfare. He paid two visits to Ireland within the last five years, and contemplated another in the event of Home Rule being won. On the occasion of his last visit to THE CITIZEN office, about a month ago, he said he hoped to be present when the new Irish parliament is inaugurated in College Green. That has been the dream of millions of good Irishmen, like Peter Leddy, and we hope they may live to realize their desire. If all go who wish to see the inaugural exercises at the hoped for event, Dublin won't be big enough to contain them. The funeral occurred on Saturday of last week from the residence to St. James' church. High mass of requiem was offered up with the Rev. Father Swanson as celebrant, and the Rev. Fathers Gildea and Van Pelt as deacon and sub-deacon. Father Van Pelt delivered the obituary sermon. The pall bearers were Messrs. John S. Cooke, Patrick O'Brien, Andrew Carroll, Michael MacNamara, Alexander Sullivan and Michael F. O'Connor. A large body of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, of which deceased was a prominent member, attended the obsequies. Among the well known members present were, Lawrence Henely, state delegate; P. B. Flanagan, county delegate; Martin Mulcahy, president Division No. 17; Cornelius Houlahan, William Houlahan, Thomas Finigan, James Garland, Nicholas Tracey, M. L. Finigan, Maurice Stack, Michael Waldon and Pataick Duffy. The interment was at Calvary cemetery.

CAPT. JOHN H. ENRIGHT.

Capt. John H. Enright, an old soldier and one of the oldest surviving members of the Fenian organization, died at his home, No. 13 North May street, this city, on Monday, aged 80 years. The Captain was born in the city of Limerick, Ireland, but came to America early in life and was a resident of Chicago for about fifty years. He was a true hearted, honorable man who, throughout his long life, devoted himself unselfishly to the service of both his native and adopted countries. As an Irish Nationalist, he was an enthusiast and participated in both raids upon Canada. Advanced age began to tell on him of late, and the death of his wife, a few years ago, gave him a shock from which he did not seem to rally, although his mental faculties remained unimpaired to the last. He leaves several grown-up children, among them Lieut. Enright of the police force. The funeral occurred from St. Patrick's church on Wednesday morning, and was very largely attended. An immense cortege accompanied the remains to Calvary cemetery, where they were interred.

THE ANCIENT ORDER

In Ivesdale, Ill.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians in Ivesdale, Ill., is in a most flourishing condition, and possesses the finest hall in that flourishing town. It comprises in its membership the most active and intelligent Irish-American citizens of that section of the state, prominent among whom may be mentioned Messrs. John Foohey, J. E. O'Hara, Michael Loftus and M. Criningen. The energy and enterprise of the Irish-Americans of Ivesdale might be advantageously imitated by the brethren in other sections of Illinois and the Northwest.

Croup Remedy.

In an attack of croup, before a physician can arrive, no time should be lost in waiting. An emetic is the first thing to be given, and nothing is better than a teaspoonful of the wine or syrup of ipecac, either clear or diluted in a little water. Repeat in fifteen or twenty minutes, if necessary. But sometimes there is no ipecac in the house; in such a case give a teaspoonful of powdered alum in honey or syrup. Keep the air in the room continually moistened by steam; the vapor of unslaked lime is excellent. Keep the temperature of the room as high as 80°, and avoid draughts.

Rich, red blood as naturally results from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla as personal cleanliness results from free use of soap and water. This great purifier thoroughly expels scrofula, salt rheum and all other impurities.

Hood's Pills are easy, yet efficient.

BE SELF-RESPECTING.

That is the Advice Given by Eleanor Kirk to Girls Who Go Out Riding With Their Beaux.

Some Beauties of Phonetic Orthography Presented in a Letter of Inquiry.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 17, 1893.—My friends must be convinced by this time that I am always willing to answer any sensible and straightforward question which they may submit—always, of course, with the proviso that I am able to do so.

As much as I wish to be of service, there are some things that I do not know. I cannot be relied upon for help in the higher mathematics, for instance, and my astronomical knowledge is unhappily limited. So I cannot undertake Euclid or calculate an eclipse.

Sometimes it seems as if a few of the letters received must really be sent with an intent to aggravate and embarrass. But I always try to dismiss this idea as soon as possible, and say to myself that as my motives have been uniformly kind, they could not draw out antagonistic and trifling responses.

Here is one query which is submitted as a specimen of interrogatory which semi-occasionally reaches this office:

"DEAR MADAM: Is it propper for a yung Girl to go out a riding with a yung Man and is it apearing snubby if she takes his arm from of her waste? Of cours I want to get maried and if I ingure my Chance I will be obligded to work in a Factory so long as I draw my Breathe. Pleas anser."

It is difficult to take a communication of this kind seriously, and yet the reply to such a letter should be a matter of prayerful consideration.

Let us think first of the awful ignorance in which this girl has been raised. Study her orthography, and then reflect upon the influences which must have surrounded her entire young life. Think of the awful admission made in regard to destroying her "Chance," if she insists upon preserving her self-respect. Just here lies the secret of many of the histories of many of the women that walk the streets by night and fill our houses of ill fame! They were afraid of destroying their matrimonial chances by keeping the men who sought their society where they belonged. In each case their intuitions directed them properly, but the thought of a single life, which would be made still harder by drudgery, overcame and blotted out the word of the Spirit, and they threw their self-respect to the winds, were ruined and left.

Sometimes there comes a little encouragement as I read these pathetically ignorant appeals, in the thought that such girls are attracted to read what I write, but this thought increases rather than lessens the responsibility. Today I am going to ask a great favor of my intelligent, independent and womanly audience. There is a great and beneficent work to be done with the class of girls represented by the writer of the letter given above. Many of them can be saved from lives of wretchedness if those who see the way clearly will only help to direct their feeble feet. Such work involves some sacrifice, but they can do nothing that will pay so well. If each kindly woman would direct her influence toward one girl, we should see a better state of things immediately. Some of these girls are in our kitchens and our nurseries. Some of them pass our houses on their way to shops and factories. With the right feeling it is easy enough to reach these perplexed and uninformed creatures, for love is the lever that moves all things.

Here is another question, which some folks might consider impertinent. But as I have a knack of reading between the lines, I am quite sure their conclusion would be unfounded:

"DEAR MRS. KIRK: You say you believe just as much in men as you do in women. If so, why do you publish a paper which has for its second title, "Women for Women?" Does not that title show a prejudice against men? It seems very much that way to me. Certainly, if I believed in men I would not ignore them in that fashion."

The reason for the words "Women for Women" at the top of my paper, *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*, is as follows: Ever since I can remember I have heard the statement made that women did not care for each other, and that their best and most unselfish friends were men. I have always resented this thought for the simple reason that it is a *Lie*. So in order to start squarely with the proper thought I caused the phrase "Women for Women" to be conspicuously placed upon the front page of said periodical. I never could understand why women should berate men, or look upon them as their natural enemies. Up to date, I have never seen anything in this world that I loved better than a man, and I feel neither shame nor timidity in making this assertion. There are bad men and bad women, but we are all cut from one piece, and are the work of one Supreme Intelligence, whom, by the way, I have not yet felt myself competent to criticise. My desire is for women firmly and unflinchingly to stand by each other, and that's why I wrote "Women for Women."

To those who have written to know if I really mean what I write on certain subjects and on certain recommendations, I would like to say—Stop! The object and aim of my life is to tell the truth and help my fellow-creatures. There is not money enough in circulation to tempt me to endorse a thing or a theory that is not honest and of good report.

There is a beautiful great other side to this question. There are one hundred letters of appreciation and kindness to one fault-finding communication, and that percentage is quite enough to satisfy. ELEANOR KIRK.

698 Greene avenue.

THE COUNTY LIMERICK.

[Irish-American.]

According to the last census taken by the government agents in Ireland, the urban population of the county of Limerick—that is the number of inhabitants in Limerick, Rathkeale and Newcastle—decreased 4.3 per cent, and the rural population 14.5 per cent, during the ten years preceding the census. The total population was 158,912 on census night, being 12 per cent less than in 1881. The natural increase of the population, 7,256, was swamped by migration and emigration, 33,081 persons having emigrated from the country during the decade—nearly once and a half as many people as during the seventies. As usual, the exodus had little effect on the pauper statistics, which were unusually high in the county. In 1881, 1 in 21 of the population was in receipt of Poor-law relief; and last year the number was 1 in 22. The marriage rate was 4 per 1,000 for the decade, and the death rate was higher than the average for the whole of Ireland, being 18.8, as against 17.8. It is remarkable, too, that the number of persons returned as sick shows a remarkable increase—from 1 in 110 to 1 in 99. Of course, this rise may have been merely accidental, as it deals with the figures for only one part of the year. But, coupled with the high death rate and high pauper rate, it suggests that there is something wrong in the state of Limerick.

Illiteracy, as elsewhere in knowledge-loving Munster, continues to decrease, and the school-loving population has reached a creditably high figure in the county and city. The percentage of illiterates in the population, aged 5 years and upwards, fell from 24 to 16.3; while the percentage of the population between 5 and 20 who were at school on the school census day showed an increase from 45.5 per cent to 49.4. The school goers, who in 1861 were only 10.44 per cent of the population, were in 1891, 17.44; the Catholic increase being from 10.31 to 17.66. It is noteworthy that the city percentage is considerably less than the county. The Catholic percentage for the former is 16.84, and for the latter 17.9. The Limerick census is not the only one that exhibits this difference. The remark is true of the Dublin and Cork census also.

The Irish language is failing in Limerick as elsewhere. The number of persont who can speak Irish fell, during the last ten census years, from 32,240 to 17,062. The decrease in the number of persons under 20 was proportionately much greater, namely, from 1,062 to 346. There were only twenty-five children under 10 who could speak it in the county; and in the barony of Glenquin, where one-fourth of the population can speak the language, only seven children knew it. Evidently the Irish speakers themselves are acquiescing in the doom pronounced by the English educationalist against the speech of the Gael. This is scarcely creditable to a people proud of their nationality. But it is true not only of Glenquin and Limerick, but of Cork, Tipperary and Kerry also.

GAELIC ATHLETIC GAMES.

The stalwart boys of the Gaelic Athletic Association opened their season's games on Sunday last, at their grounds, corner of Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue. The weather clerk favored them with a choice sample of his line of goods, and they were uninterrupted by the persons in the locality who made the unsuccessful attempt last year to have their sports prohibited.

The regular schedule games will commence on the first Sunday in May; those held on Sunday, as well as those to be held next Sunday being merely exhibition games. Two football games were played. The first game was the Emmets vs. O'Briens. Play was announced to begin at 2 o'clock, but it was 3 before the leather was set in motion. At first it seemed as if the Emmets would be easy victors. During the first ten minutes the ball was in O'Brien territory, but the Emmets only succeeded in scoring 1 point, after which by quick scientific play the O'Briens rerersed matters and scored a goal. This seemed to dishearten the Emmets, their backs went to pieces, and the O'Briens scored 4 points in quick succession. After the change of sides the Emmets made a desperate attempt to retrieve their fallen fortunes, but luck and the O'Briens were against them. Again and again they charged desperately for the O'Brien's goal, but the backs of the latter were ever on the alert, and the Emmets could only succeed in scoring 3 points. At the conclusion of the game the score stood: O'Briens, 1 goal, 5 points; Emmets, 4 points. Following are the names of the players:

Emmets—P. T. Murphy, captain; Jas. Myles, vice-captain; D. Carmody, Phil. Ryan, J. Walsh, James Riedy, M. B. O'Neill, P. Guerin, Tom Roche, James B. Ryan, J. B. Cullerton, M. English, Con Murphy, Thomas Ryan, T. Dillon, B. Martin.

O'Briens—P. D. Fitzgerald, captain; John King, vice-captain; E. A. Cahill, John Conners, P. Durkin, Billy O'Connor, P. Lehane, Tom Duggan, John Twohig, P. L. O'Connell, J. Murphy, J. B. Woods, J. C. Woods, Wm. Noonan, J. Donegan, J. Lehane, William O'Neil Burke.

The next match, O'Connells vs Liberators, was a rather one-sided affair. The Liberators are a strapping set of fellows, but being a new club they showed lack of training. Some of them kicked the unoffending atmosphere full of holes while the elusive leather was speeding toward their goal in obedience to the well directed effort of some frisky O'Connell. With the exception of a couple of rushes the play was almost wholly in Liberator territory. Score: O'Connells, 1 goal, 5 points; Liberators, 0. Following are the players:

O'Connells—Dan Pendy, captain; J. Shealy, vice-captain; E. Flynn, R. McAuliffe, W. Doody, D. Curtin, M. Murphy, T. Mangan, J. McElligott, C. White, J. Dower, L. Buckley, P. White, J. Leaney.

Liberators—James Foley, captain; T. Farrell, vice-captain; William Connell, Wm. Williams, John Foley, M. Burke, M. Walsh, Matt Walsh, P. Moriarty, D. Moriarty, M. Moriarty, D. Hancock, John Kelleher, Patrick Dineen, P. Bresnahan, E. Donovan.

Mr. John Furlong, of the Davitts, acted as referee in both games, and gave universal satisfaction. Next Sunday, the 23d inst., the Innisfails and Liberators will play a hurling match and the Emeralds and Davitts will kick football.

Other Gaelic Affairs.

The seventh reception and ball given by the Innisfail Athletic Club was held on last Saturday night at Madison Hall, No. 146 West Madison street. The success anticipated in last week's CITIZEN was fully realized, over 300 couples taking part in the grand march, which was led by Mr. J. Flynn and wife, assisted by Capt. Martin and wife. The increasing popularity of the club was evidenced by the large numbers of strangers present, while all the numerous friends of the Innisfails were well represented. The success of the reception may, in a measure, be attributed to the energetic president of the club, Mr. James Gallagher, who was assisted by the other officers. Among those present with their ladies were Capt. O'Connell, Lieut. Punch, H. B., R. J. Ambrose, Timothy O'Sullivan, T. Naughton, P. O'Leary, Patrick Martin, Wm. Byrnes, Patrick Coghlan, Daniel Coghlan, Ed. Walsh, B. J. Malony, Jas. Perkins, J. Phelan, P. Quinn, J. Howe, J. Geraghty, M. McCarthy, J. Kerr, J. Kerwin, J. Bennett, J. Conway, Justin White, Joseph Taylor, E. O'Reilly, J. Taylor, M. Donoghue, M. O'Connor Roche.

A meeting of the Central Council of the Gaelic Athletic Association, was held Monday night at No. 94 Dearborn street, President Donnelly in the chair. Mr. Furlong, the referee of the matches played on Sunday, handed in his report, which was adopted. A communication was read from eight of the members of the Columbia Club, apologizing for their violation of the rules, and asking permission to join other teams. The communication was returned for individual signatures, and the Council will consider the matter at next meeting. Arrangements were completed for the hurling and football contests next Sunday. The schedule of games as drawn up by the committee on games was approved of. An application by a new Columbia club for affiliation with the central council was considered and an investigating committee appointed to report on the same. After the disposal of some routine business, the meeting was adjourned.

Catholic Library Reception.

The Union Catholic Library association gave its twelfth informal reception and musicale at the library rooms, No. 94 Dearborn street, on Thursday evening, with the following programme:

Piano Solo—"Waltz," Op. Post.....Chopin
Miss Margaret Smyth.
Tenor Solo—"Sleep Mid Thy Beautiful Dreams"
Mr. A. D. Browne.
Paper—"Mediævalism and Modernity".....
Mr. Francis E. Croarkin.
Soprano Solo—"Come Where the Lindens Bloom".....Buck
Miss May Cullinan.
Recitation—"The Famine".....Longfellow
Mr. John Lane O'Connor.
Cornet Solo—"The Song That Reached My Heart".....Jordan
Messrs. Mark Kelley and Charles Kimmit

National Federation of America.

The following has been sent us for publication:

NEW YORK, April 5.—*To the Friends of Ireland:* The crisis in the Home Rule question now confronts us. Mr. Gladstone has faithfully redeemed his pledges. Shall we keep ours?

Without the continuous attendance of the Irish members in the house of commons, Mr. Gladstone cannot win. As members of parliament receive no salary, the great majority of the Irish members are not in a financial condition to give this necessary attendance. We must meet this difficulty, or the cause is lost

Through its magnificent meeting at the Academy of Music, New York has already spoken. It now remains for you, friends of Ireland, to respond. To make this a success every city, town and hamlet should organize at once.

As the urgency is great, all subscriptions from organizations or individuals, should be promptly forwarded to the treasurer, Mr. Eugene Kelly, at Room 22, Cooper Union.

(Signed): Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, President; Eugene Kelly, Treasurer; John Byrne, Chairman Board of Trustees; Joseph P. Ryan, Sec'y.

It is only of late years that rheumatism has been treated as a blood disease. But that this is a correct theory is proved by the extraordinary success attending the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in this painful and very prevalent malady. It seldom fails of radical cure.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver, "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued).

Oyster Island was already close at hand, when the attention of O'Dowda was called to a large row-boat, well manned, which was standing directly across the course of the two boats, and making straight for the strange hostile vessels lying in the bay.

"By heavens," mused the Irish officer, aloud, "that one seems less like a friend than an enemy; but it's likely we'll overhaul her ere she crosses our track."

"Look to your arms, men," he added; "methinks this is a Scottish wolf, so be ready."

Of the two Irish boats, that in which O'Dowda and our hero were seated happened to be the foremost; but, though its rowers continued to pull lustily, the suspicious boat crossed its course about a cable's length ahead. At this moment O'Dowda hailed the latter craft:

"Ho, there, lie on your oars, if you be friends," he shouted;—"who and what are you?"

The answer was an irregular roll of musketry, and a shower of bullets whistled over the heads of the sergeant major and his men.

"Ha, I guessed so much," exclaimed O'Dowda. "Now *ma bouchals*, take sure aim and don't waste powder and ball;—give fire!"

The Irish volley flashed and rattled, and a series of sharp cries from the hostile boat betokened that some of the bullets had had their billets. As the sulphurous smoke was wafted away on the sea breeze, the fugitive craft was discerned dashing off at unabated speed, the water foaming and hissing in her wake. And her course was straight for the two ships, privateers, or pirates, or whatever they might be.

But now a long, shrill scream, a woman's scream of distress and entreaty, came over the waves, a cry which made Edmund O'Tracy start convulsively to his feet, and gaze with straining eyes after the receding boat. The scream was repeated—again—again.

Then Teigh Reagh O'Dowda and his men, gazing on the erect figure of O'Tracy, were astonished to see the young man shake his clenched hand fiercely towards the enemy's boat, tear off his hat and wave it wildly in the air, and plant his foot on the bulwarks as if he would spring into the sea, while he shouted frantic and vehement orders the while.

For after two months of sad conjecture and black despondency, our hero was now having another glimpse of his darling Flower of Lough Gill. Yonder, before his eyes, sat Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin in the stern of that accursed boat. There she sat, her pale face turned imploringly towards him, and her white arms stretched out for the protection he could not give. And there, by her side, his arm thrown around her, and his evil visage now leering mockingly in her agonized face, and now turned with a malignant expression of triumph and hatred towards her maddened lover, sat black Gilbert Harrison.

"After them! after them, for heaven's sake!" exclaimed O'Tracy, in his fearful excitement;—"pull—pull—pull!"

"Ay, pull," echoed O'Dowda, taking in the situation at a glance. "By the sword of old Brian, *ma bouchals*, we must save the poor colleen from that black-muzzled scoundrel! Well done: another few strokes like that and we'll run them down."

By this time the boat's course was altered and her head turned towards that in which sat our heroine and her enemy. The stage of the chase which ensued was now most exciting. Both boats were flying along the shore of the Oyster Islands—on which the second Irish boat had landed her crew—and both were already under the guns of the strange vessels, which were moored close at hand. The Puritans re-opened a brisk musketry fire on their pursuers, to which fire O'Dowda's men were unable to respond through fear of wounding the maiden, who sat in the fugitive's stern. On went the two boats, the pursuer gradually creeping closer and closer to the pursued. The voices of the men in either boat were hushed. There was no noise save the rumble of the oars in the rowlocks, the plash of the water, and the dropping reports of muskets discharged by the pursued. Two of the Irish were already hit by the bullets of their enemies, but even they nursed their wounds without complaint, awaiting in silent suspense the turn of events. The distance between the two boats was lessening every moment, and it seemed as if the Puritans' boat must be overtaken long ere she could reach the vessel for which she was making, which vessel her crew were now excitedly signalling. This ship, of course, lay straight ahead of the boats, while the second vessel, apparently her consort, was riding at anchor away to their starboard.

Still Edmund O'Tracy stood in the bows of the pursuing boat, his heaving breast, fixed gaze, and compressed lips betokening his intense peturbation. The flying spray was blown in drenching showers over his person, saturating him to the skin; but he heeded it not. Ever and anon he wiped the brine from his eyes, and dashed back his wet clinging hair from his face. Nearer and nearer he was brought to his beloved and to his enemy, and at length he drew his skian from its sheath and prepared for a vigorous spring into the almost overtaken boat before him.

Bang!—a light cloud of smoke drifted from the side of the ship to the starboard, and a round-shot sang over the heads of our hero and his friends.

"Ha!" ejaculated O'Dowda, "that shark yonder is going to show his teeth. His eye is crooked and his bit of iron is gone to frighten the feelauns. Three strokes more, *ma bouchals*, and——"

Bang!—another shot from the ship. Not too high this time, sergeant-major. The ball struck the boat almost "'twixt wind and water," crashing through her timbers and killing one of her crew. She was swamped almost directly, leaving her human cargo struggling in the water.

As Edmund rose to the surface gasping for breath he felt himself instantly seized in the tenacious grasp of a drowning man. He made a wild effort to shake off that terrible clutch, but failed; he was held by the arms in a grip of iron. One vague, misty glance he got of a chaos of pallid faces and tossing limbs in the boiling water around him, and then, bound as if by fetters of lead, he was dragged down—down—down.

The green water hissed and gurgled in his ears, and he felt as if a circlet of red hot iron were pressing around his head. Suddenly the strong arms that held him in such a nervous and destructive embrace relaxed their grasp, and striking out with his freed limbs he soon rose to the surface.

Here he soon became sensible of his wherebouts. Land was not far distant. The rugged shore of Oyster Island was distant only a few perches, but those perches were composed of a white, furious, and heavy rolling surf, with which he should have to make a fierce and hard battle for life. He was a good swimmer, but the odds were greatly against him. He was much exhausted from his struggle to loosen the grasp of the drowning man. He wore an iron gorget, which, however, light its weight might appear on terra firma, was certainly anything but a life-buoy in the water. And besides, Leander himself might shrink from buffeting through those Alps of surf that thunder on the coast of Sligo.

Landwards, however, he toiled—toiled and labored with all his remaining strength to reach those friendly though bare and bleak rocks that were stoutly resisting the fierce onset of the breakers. Now he was carried along on the undulating summit of a mighty swell, now he floated like a log in a tossing field of thick, yellowish froth, and again he sank into the hollow of a giant breaker, while tons of water burst with terrific roar over his head.

But at length a receding wave left him deposited on a heap of sand and shingle, and he breathed a fervent prayer of thanksgiving as he found himself safe and uninjured save for a few slight bruises from the rough stones. But yet he was in a species of *cul de sac*. Above him like a wall arose a cliff about ten feet high, imprisoning him to the breakers; and the next wave might wash him out to sea again like a cork. Gathering his strength and energy for a last effort, he sprang at the rocky wall and attempted to scale it. This he was unable to do in time to avoid the next wave, but he sank his hands and feet firmly in various crevices, and awaited its coming. It came, drenched him again, and tried to tear him from his hold, but failed; and in a moment or two his hand grasped the top of the cliff.

"Saved, thanks be to God and the Virgin!" he exclaimed aloud, as he panted and gasped for breath and strength.

"No, O'Tracy, not yet," hissed a malicious voice over his head; and looking up he saw shadowed over him the dark figure of a man standing on the cliff.

"Ay, look at me, avic," continued this individual, "for I'm the last man your eyes shall ever see on earth. Look at me, O'Tracy, you spawn of the Evil One. Ha, ha! you know me now;—Ned O'Hugh's face is not readily forgotten by his friends and enemies."

"O'Hugh, for the love of heaven have mercy!" entreated the helpless and exhausted O'Tracy, his love of life increasing, as it were, with a great bound at the prospect of the fearful death which hovered over him.

"Pshaw! ask mercy from this *clochawn* first," and the renegade poised a large, heavy stone in his two hands—"ask mercy from this stone that's going to smash your skull to pieces. My soul! how my heart leaped when I saw your white face dancing yonder among the waves! And how I laughed in my heart when I knew you were at my mercy—at the mercy of the man whom you drove forth an outcast from his kith and kin—of the man who swore to have your heart's blood, and who is now going to keep his promise—now, now!"

O'Hugh raised the stone over his head. O'Tracy closed his eyes and murmured a prayer.

"And now," cried the renegade, in appalling tones, "may my curse, along with this stone, fall upon your head, and——"

No more did he say.

A vigorous push from behind sent the miscreant, stone and all, flying over the cliff, and our hero, opening his eyes, saw gazing down upon him the face of Sergeant-Major Teige Reagh O'Dowda, who immediately seized him by the hand and drew him from death to life.

"Just in time, machree," exclaimed O'Dowda, cheerily; "another instant and your family banshee might have donned her sheet. That scoundrel is gone to feed the crabs; come along."

He led O'Tracy to a rising ground a short distance off. Here were assembled several men with dripping garments, the survivors of the fatal occurrence in the water. The spot commanded a view of the entire of the little island and of the surrounding water. The lately blazing cabins were still sending up black sullen wreaths of smoke, and in the bay, which expanded beyond, and which was now illumined by the full flood of the morning sunshine, was visible the spectacle of a ship on fire.

"It is all over," said O'Dowda; "those infernal pirates have victualled their ships with the corn and cattle of the poor people of the island here, and plundered and set fire to that unlucky bark yonder, which the merchants of Sligo had loaded with various commodities; but McDonogh has driven the rascals off, and we're late for the sport.

"But Kathleen—that is, the young lady, where is she?" inquired Edmund, his heart in his mouth.

"Yonder," replied O'Dowda, pointing to the two ships, which now with all sail set were disappearing on the horizon;—"poor lass, I hope no evil may befall her."

O'Tracy spoke not, but stood gazing in a mute, listless, way at the far-off ships, his pallid face a very picture of utter despair.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous serfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

TINKERING WITH NAMES.

[*Ellen Barret in San Francisco Monitor.*]

There are a lot of silly persons who have taken to tinkering with their names. If these people were old or "advancing in years," I should say "they dote," and let them alone. But they are young, so I shall take to calling names. They are ninnies and dolts and noodle doodles and hoddy-doddies. If they are not touched in the head they will be. They are giddy and crack-brained without sufficient sense to know that they are posing as imbeciles or very irresonsible persons.

When the fine and distictive name of Mary came down to May, Mollie, and Minnie the worst was not yet done. When the splendid name of Elizabeth degenerated into Lisbeth, Eliza and Lizzie there was yet a sillier level to reach. "May with an e"—*Mae*, and "Elizabeth with an s"—*Elisabeth*; this is the way "they" write it now. Even the stately Katherine has wilted down through Kate, Kitty and Kit to the imbecile Cathey, and a friend tells me that not very long ago his eye feasted on "Maymee." Now this same friend is something of a cynic on the woman question. Think how he gloated over that discovery; of how the hours dragged until he saw me and then of the joy with which he opened up the subject of Woman, reserving for an illustration of my most intense climax a column of social news where Mary somebody pirouetted in public as *Maymee*. I had very little to say after that about the good sense of the sex.

A programme is a mine of this kind of folly. Here you dig up names as the naturalist turns up fossils. But it is easier to classify the fossil than the names. *Lou-lou* for Louise: *Karri* for Carrie or Caroline; *Nelle* for Nellie, Ellen or Eleanor, until the philologists are outraged. The whole thing smells of the young ladies' seminary—*nonveaux riches*—or the public school. I may be mistaken but I think girls brought up in convents are not subject to these disorders. The sisters as a rule are sensible women. Their judgment is sound and their taste correct. They are not satisfied with polishing and veneering characters; they get hold of them and form them. They feel a responsibilty that no secular teacher feels. They communicate enthusiasm; they teach manners, and they frown down nonsense and sham. No, I am very sure that whatever may be the small follies of convent girls, they at least respect the names given them in a sacrament.

There is another trick of throwing out an initial before one's Christian name. A few men have been guilty of this, but they are not to be considered. Mr. Ambrose Bierce has consigned them to the territory to which they belong—Feminoodledom. I am only sorry that the noodledom is on our side of the fence.

Do you remember that little chat between Portia and Nerissa, and what Portia said about the French lord? "God made him, therefore let him pass for a man." Well, don't be content to be a woman on those terms. Come out of Feminoodledom, girls. Try to be somebody, quit pattering with your names. Change them if you want to, but in the name of good sense and fine taste, let them alone until you do.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Nuair d'éirigh an ghrian, dhearc siad 'nna dtimchioll agus fuair siad go raibh siad i dtir breágh a raibh a lán tighteadh agus daoine agus eallach agus crainn innti, agus budh mhaith leo sin d'fheicsint. Bhí deatach ag tosughadh do theacht amach as na tighthibh agus bhí na daoine ag tosughadh air a n-obair.

Chuir siad ceist air an g-ceud fhear do casadh orra, agus d'fhiafruigh siad de an raibh sé a bhfad go d-tí an Fhrainc, agus cad é an bealach budh chóir dóibh dul le teacht ann. Rinne an fear gáire, agus nior fhreagair sé iad.

Chuaidh siad air aghaidh arís agus casadh fear eile orra, agus d'fhiafruigh siad an rud ceudna dhe-sean. "Cá bhfuil sibh ag dul?" ar sé, "Dul go dtí an Fhrainc," ar Goillis. "Agus cá bhfuil sibh anois?" ar san fear. "Ní'l fhios agam," ar Goillis. "Nach bhfuil fhios agad go bhfuil tu annsan bh-Fraínc anois?" ar san fear. 'Sin ageul maith,' ar Goillis, "ní raibh fhios agam sin," agus chaith sé a bhairreud 'san aér suas, le luathghaire agus le sásughadh-intinne. "Ní fada anois le congnamh Dé go mbéidh tu air ais ann do phálás arís," ar sé, acht ni luaithe a dubhairt sé sin 'ná thainig brón air, óir shaoil sé leis féin, "chomh luath agus gheabhfaidh sí í féin ameasg na n-uachtarán agus na ndaoine mór deunfaidh sí dearmad orm-sa, agus ni chumhneochaidh sí aon rud d'á ndearna mise dhi."

Chuir siad a dtuaraisg ann sin, le fághail cad é an t-slighe a bheurfadh go pálás righ na Fraince iad, agus fuair siad nach raibh a bhfad le dul acs.

Bhi airgiod go leor aca anois, mar lion siad a bpócaidh sul d'fhág siad uaigh na róbáillidhe, agus cheannuigh Goillis dá chapall maith dhó féin 's do'n chailin, agus ann sin ni raibh siad a bhfad ag fágbháil an bhóthair 'nna ndiaigh, agus ni raibh stop no stad aca go dtáinig siad i g-ceann seachtmhuine eile go dtí na cathrach ann a raibh an Pálás Rioghail, agus chualaidh siad go raibh an righ agus an bhainrioghain ann.

Acht chomh luath agus fuair an bhean óg go raibh sí ag geata an Bhaile-mhóir, agus nach raibh le deunamh aici acht sidhbal asteach, thosaigh sí bheith go ró mhío-shuaimhneach agus bhí sí eidir dhá chómhairle, gan fhios aici creud do budh chóir di a dheunamh mar bhí faitchios uirri go bpósfadh a h-athair i leis an bhfear budh ghráin leithe, agus go mbudh éigin di chur suas do Ghoillis, rudh nach ndeunfadh sí dá bhfuigheadh sí saibhreas agus ór an domhain, mar bhí sí tabhairt gráidh do Ghoillis anois chomh mór agus bhí Goillis ag tabhairt gráidh dhi-se. Air an ádhbhar sin sheas sí ag geata an Bhaile-mhóir agus ghlac sí cómhairle le Goillis creud do budh chóir di a dheunamh, agus budh h-é sin an cheud uair a thug Goillis faoi deara go ceart go raibh fíor-spéis ag an óg-mhnaoi ann féin.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Baldness is either hereditary or caused by sickness, mental exhaustion, wearing tight-fitting hats, and overwork and trouble. Hall's Renewer will prevent it.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

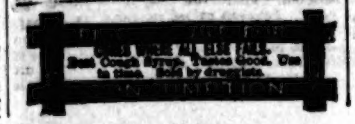
LOOK AT THE SIZE of the ordinary pill. Think of all the trouble and disturbance that it causes you. Wouldn't you welcome something easier to take, and easier in its ways, if at the same time it did you more good? That is the case with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the smallest in size, the mildest in action, but the most thorough and far-reaching in results. They follow nature's methods, and they give help that lasts. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

"If we can't cure your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case or of how long standing, we'll pay you $500 in cash." That is what is promised by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Doesn't it prove, better than any words could, that this is a remedy that *cures* Catarrh? Costs only 50 cents.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 20 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.



THE BETHGELERT LEGEND.

A Touching Story of a Faithful Dog That Is Famous In India.

The Banjaras occasionally keep dogs, and it was, we believe, a Banjara dog which gave rise to the Bethgelert legend of India. The story comes from at least half a dozen different parts of India, the substance being identical, though the localities differ. This is how it runs:

Once upon a time a poor man owed a large sum of money to a Baniya, and as he could pay nothing the Baniya came to seize his property, but found all that he had was a dog. "Well," said the Baniya, "since you have nothing else, I will take the dog. He will help to watch my house." So the poor man took a tender farewell of his 4-footed friend, with many injunctions to serve his new master faithfully and never attempt to run home.

Some time after the dog got to his new home thieves broke into the house and took all they could find. Though the dog barked as loudly as he could, yet the Baniya snored on peacefully, and so, seeing the thieves disappearing with their booty, he followed them and saw them hiding their treasure in holes dug in the dry bed of a nala. He then ran home and never stopped barking till his master woke up.

The Baniya was frantic with grief on discovering his loss and was about to wreak his vengeance on the dog, but attracted by his strange behavior he determined to watch him instead. The dog at once led the way to the nala and began scratching at the hole, and very soon the stolen wealth was again in possession of its lawful owner. The Baniya's delight on recovering his property was so great that he wrote on a paper, "Your dog has paid your debt," and fastening this to the dog's collar he bade him to return to his old master, and the faithful dog, full of joy, trotted off as hard as he could go.

His old master, as it happened, just about this time began to long for a sight of his dog and determined to go and see how he was getting on. When half way on his journey, he saw the dog running toward him. He drew his sword and awaited his approach, and as the dog, with a little whimper of joy, sprang forward to caress him he cut off his head with the sword, crying out: "Thou disobedient dog! Pay the penalty of deserting thy post."

Then too late he saw the note attached to his dead friend's neck and was seized with such remorse that he fell upon his sword and died. The man and dog are buried in one grave, and any one traveling to Haidarabad may still see the grave by the roadside.—Allahabad Mail.

What She Lost.

A woman in a car dropped something. Her concern was immediate. Whispering to her companion, a man, she got down on the floor to look for it.

The man, too, got down, and with their hands they felt over the area within reach. Then the man felt in his pockets and took out matches, which he lighted, and the two explored with their eyes.

Their neighbors, seeing their trouble and anxiety, began to bestir themselves. Women lifted their skirts and men poked the floor with their walking sticks. Others, even more sympathetic, got on the floor and commenced exploring it with matches.

The interest spread; there was a general movement. Even the people the farthest removed felt that it was only polite to do something and made vague movements with their feet and swept the floor anxiously with their eyes.

At length, when the excitement was at its height, the lost article was found. There was a general interest in the car to know what they had all been hunting for.

The disgust of everybody may be imagined when the lost article turned out to be a small stub of lead pencil.—Boston Globe.

Making a Speech.

A minister whose speeches smell of the oil is regarded in the house of commons as next thing to a bore. I never knew any assembly in which well balanced phrases went for less. To risk them, a man must be far above the level of the ordinary orator, and even then a few phrases go a long way. I remember a member—himself a very good speaker—saying to me of another member who had just made an effective maiden speech that I had been lauding, "It is all very well for once, but the house won't stand a man who rears up on his hind legs with an exordium and a peroration."

To another speaker the following advice was tendered by an old hand, "Hesitate occasionally as though you could not find the word, then use the wrong one." And although there was some exaggeration in this there commendation was a sound one. Mr. Disraeli carefully cultivated the trick of hesitation over his adjectives, but when the word came it was always a telling one.—London Truth.

Smart Sayings.

Lord Palmerston's reply to the illiterate member who asked him, "Are there two hems in 'Onion?" is a specimen of his rather boisterous chaff. "No, only one. That's why heggs are so scarce there."

Mr. Disraeli's comment upon a portrait of himself, "Is it not hideous?—and so like," exhibited a discernment not common with unflattered sitters.—"Twenty Years In Parliament."

George Was Enjoying Himself.

Mother (at a ball)—Are you enjoying yourself, dear?

Daughter—No, I'm not.

"What is the matter?"

"I've refused George six dances running, and he doesn't seem miserable a bit."—Exchange.

Affectionate.

It is customary for members of the house of commons, when rising to address the house, to commence, "Mr. Speaker, sir." One young member, who was rather nervous, began as follows, "Mr. Speaker, dear sir."—London Tit-Bits.

Dreadful, but True.

A couple of men, gaunt, green and cumbersome and exhibiting traces of "he wayback" and "hayseed" in their makeup, recently entered a restaurant, and, seating themselves at a table over which an electric light had taken the place of the gas jet that had been there when they were last in Boston before, picked up the bill of fare and studied the polyglot information that it afforded to experienced guests.

To these two men it meant little. The first word that they chanced to see was a surprise and puzzle to them. It was "menu," and the elder of the two, reading aloud, asked the younger if he knew what "meenow" tasted like. He did not, and they passed on to a part of the bill that contained such familiar expressions as "mutton chops" and "roast beef." On these dishes they fixed their choice. The senior ordered chops, and the junior asked for beef.

"And," said the latter to the waiter, taking chances and pointing to the line of the bill that read "Lyonnaise potatoes," "give me some of those."

"How will you have your beef?" inquired the waiter.

"Well, friend," replied the countryman, "I guess I'll have it on a plate."

This was too much for the waiter's dignity, and he went to the order slide and shouted:

"Roast beef, and have it on a plate!"

When the chops were brought to the table, the man who had ordered them looked hard at the dish and then at the waiter.

"What's wanting, please?" asked the waiter.

"I wanted a dish of meat, not bones," was the reply.

To this the waiter made no rejoinder, but said, "Anything to drink, gentlemen—tea, spring water or cider?"

"If you've got any," returned the elder man, "we'll have some well water."

When they paid their check, the cashier asked if everything had been satisfactory.

"Well," answered the mentor of the pair, "that meal might suit doods, but we ain't sure, to tell you the honest truth, what we eat, the samples was so small. I guess we'll stick to baked beans hereafter while we are in Boston."—Boston Herald.

Getting Law For Nothing.

"I have been amused," says a lawyer, "to notice how some women contrive to get free points on law.

"In the public law libraries, for instance, that are occupied every day by lawyers, such a scene as this is by no means uncommon. The big door will swing around in a slow, uncertain way, and a woman makes her appearance. She approaches the bright young man at the desk and timidly asks him if he knows where she can find out about the law on some stated point.

"'It's such a small matter,' she explains, 'I didn't want to go to a lawyer.'

"The young man usually knows a good deal of law himself and frequently gets her the book, points out the passage and lets her read it at her leisure. If, however, it is beyond his knowledge of law, he inquires about it from some of the good natured lawyers in the room. Two or three of them will usually listen to the woman's explanation, and the opinion she gets is the combined wisdom and judgment of all of them.

"The woman is very grateful and profusely thanks every one within hearing distance before she slips out rather more self possessed than when she came in.

"Nobody, I'm sure, begrudges her the information he has given her, but I often fancy her brandishing 'advice of counsel' over somebody's head, and having found out what are her legal rights holding to them grimly."—New York Times.

The Dog Would Last.

Since the death of Major General Rufus Ingalls some good war stories have been started about this famous fighter, who was born and raised in Denmark, Me., and his companions in arms. An illustration of the general's quickness at repartee and down east humor is his good natured retort on Grant about the yellow dog. It was in the spring of 1864, just about one year before the fall of Richmond, when General Grant and a group of his officers were seated one evening by the cheerful blaze of a huge campfire.

All at once Grant, who had been absorbed some minutes in meditation, turned quickly to his quartermaster general, and pointing to a yellow dog which had accompanied the latter through many a campaign and now lay at his master's feet, snoozing, jocosely asked, "I say, Ingalls, do you intend taking that dog along with you into Richmond?" "Yes," was the quick response, "for he belongs to a mighty long lived breed." A roar of laughter followed this sally, and the face of the grim commander relaxed into a broad smile.—Lewiston Journal.

The Spell of Scents.

Few material accidents of our lives have the subtle, direct, compelling influence upon us that is exerted by odors. Neither sight nor sound, wonder working as both are, has power to recall an association or create a mood, as has an odor, unnoticed, perhaps oftener than not, at the time, which yet fastens itself past escaping to certain moods and associations and clings forevermore to their garments.—Boston Commonwealth.

Childish Simplicity.

Teacher—If any pupil can answer, let her raise her hand. Well, Mary, you may tell.

"Please, ma'am, I don't know."

"Then why did you raise your hand?"

"I couldn't help it, ma'am. Uncle John gave me this ring last night."—Boston Transcript.

Bound to Follow.

"If you do not stop smoking in office hours you'll get fired, that's all," said Wagg to his bookkeeper.

"Is that quite just to one who does his work faithfully?" asked the scribe.

"Certainly. Where there is so much smoke there must be fire."—Harper's Bazar.

THE RECORD BROKEN.

Cleveland Was Not Slow in Making Nominations.

SOME EXTRA SESSION STATISTICS.

Mr. Cleveland Has Made More Appointments Than Any of His Predecessors Under Similar Circumstances — What Congressman Springer Found Out When He Called Upon Postmaster General Bissell—Senators Deserting the Capital.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—A comparison of the work and duration of the extra session which has just closed with corresponding extra sessions called at the beginning of the late administration and at the commencement of Cleveland's first presidential term is interesting. Contrary to the generally prevailing opinion, it is found that Mr. Cleveland in the session which has just closed has broken the record and made more appointments to office than any of his predecessors, exceeding the appointments of Mr. Harrison during the same time by more than twenty-five.

The extra sessions of 1885 and 1889 adjourned April 2, while the recent session continued until April 15. In the matter of the appointment of the United States ministers to foreign powers Mr. Harrison took the lead, appointing 22 out of the total of 35, while Mr. Cleveland nominated at his first term 17 and withdrew one, and at his last term 16.

Incident Worthy of Notice.

It is noticeable that two of the important places—Russia and Italy—have not been filled, nor did Mr. Cleveland fill the former during his first term until after the recess had begun. In 1885 Mr. Cleveland appointed the ministers to the following powers: Denmark, Netherlands, Peru, Turkey, Japan, Mexico, Brazil, Italy, Russia, Portugal, France, Hawaii, Sweden and Norway, Great Britain, Germany and Chili. His nominee to Russia was Mr. A. R. Lawton, but his name was withdrawn from the senate and not returned. This left sixteen nominations for places of this rank and it is an incident worthy of notice that exactly that same number have been filled this time, but not to the same powers.

During the session just ended Mr. Cleveland nominated and the senate confirmed ministers to the following countries: Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Chili, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Guatemala and Honduras; Greece, Roumania and Servia; Japan, Mexico, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Salvador; Peru, Switzerland, Spain and Turkey.

Rejection of Halstead's Name.

Mr. Harrison nominated and the senate confirmed the ministers to the following countries: Brazil, Colombia, Corea, Denmark, Chile, Austria-Hungary, Peru, Portugal, Great Britain, Central American states, Spain, Italy, France, Russia, Mexico, Japan, Venezuela, Sweden and Norway, Netherlands, Belgium and Switzerland. He also nominated Mr. Murat Halstead of Ohio to be minister to Germany, but the senate rejected the nomination. This made a total of 21 nominations confirmed.

During his first term Mr. Cleveland sent to the extraordinary session of the senate the names of 10 of his nominees for consuls and consuls general; Mr. Harrison 4, and at the last session Mr. Cleveland got rid of 23 such appointments. Although Mr. Cleveland leaped away ahead of his previous record in the appointment of postmasters he did not come up with the record made by his predecessor, and that, too, notwithstanding there have been a large number of offices recently raised to the dignity of presidential offices. In 1885 Mr. Cleveland named 65 such postmasters, and this year 113; Mr. Harrison found time to install 156 Republicans before the senate got away.

In Other Departments.

In the other departments of the government the nominations acted upon by the senate in extra session were as here indicated: Treasury—Cleveland, first term, 15; second term, 48. Harrison, 19. Heads of departments and assistant secretaries—Cleveland, first term, 15; second term, 19. Harrison, 16. Military and war—Cleveland, first term, 15. Harrison 1. Navy and navy department—Cleveland, first term, 18; second term, 14. Harrison, 4. Judicial—Cleveland, first term, 6; second term, 34. Harrison, 28.

Mr. Harrison appointed 18 men to office in the interior department, including the governors and secretaries of the territories, some of which became states during his administration; and from the state department sent in the names of 13 officials, the majority being delegates to the American republic's congress. From the interior department Mr. Cleveland this time sent in the names of 13 officials, and from the state department but 3. In Mr. Cleveland's first term he had 9 nominations unacted upon, withdrew 1 and had two rejected. This time he withdrew 1 and had 7 left over without action by the senate. Mr. Harrison withdrew 3 of his nominations, had 2 rejected and the senate adjourned without acting on 9 others.

CHEERFUL (!) TO SPRINGER.

The Policy Which Postmaster General Bissel Will Follow.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—The Post in its political gossip has the following: Congressman Springer of Illinois has a well-earned reputation for getting more positive rulings out of the executive and the cabinet people than any other man on earth. Sometimes—generally, in fact—these rulings are not salted to his taste, but they are always clear. The latest instance was furnished when he called upon Mr. Bissell and put to him a case.

"I understand, Mr. Postmaster General," he said, "that you have determined to retain Republican postmasters the full term of four years when nothing can be proved against their character or ability. But suppose that a postmaster appointed by Mr. Harrison served three years and died and a Republican successor was appointed. Will this man be allowed to serve four years dating from the issue of the original commission, or will he be allowed to serve four years dating from the issue of his own commission?

"He will be allowed," said Mr. Bissell, slowly and positively, "to serve out four years of his own—"

"Humph," said Mr. Springer. "Well, here is a case that I have in mind: Near the end of his presidency Mr. Arthur appointed a Republican postmaster at Taylorville, Ills. Mr. Cleveland allowed him to serve four years, which carried him nearly through the Democratic administration, then a Democrat was appointed. Mr. Harrison promptly removed this Democrat and named a Republican in his place. This Republican served through more than three years of Mr. Harrison's administration and then died. A Republican successor was appointed. Is he to be allowed to hold office four years more?"

"He is," said Mr. Bissell.

"But," expostulated Mr. Springer, "that will give us a Democratic incumbent for little more than one year of Mr. Cleveland's two terms."

"It's the rule," said Mr. Bissell.

"It's cheerful," said Mr. Springer.

Senators Leaving Washington.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—The adjournment of the senate has been followed by a general exodus of senators from the city and the Capitol building has a very deserted look. A number of senators are hidden in their rooms behind locked doors, attending to correspondence and seeking to avoid visitors and office seekers. A number have arranged to witness the naval review and will leave this week for the rendezvous. Others are preparing to depart on the various investigating trips that were ordered during the closing hours of the session.

Drawback on Imported Bottles.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—The treasury department has informed a correspondent that its decision adverse to the allowance of drawback on imported bottles, corks and the tin foil used on bottled beer applies to beer made wholly from imported material.

Suspend Business to Visit the Fair.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—Chief Justice Fuller has announced that on the 28th inst. the call of the supreme court docket would be suspended to enable the court to arrange for its trip to the opening of the World's fair at Chicago, May 1.

THE DEEP WATER CHANNEL.

Big Dredges Getting Ready to Go to Work Upon It.

DETROIT, April 18.—Work on the great twenty-foot channel, which will ultimately connect Chicago, Duluth, and Buffalo, will commence in a few days. The starting place will be Grosse point. One of Breyerman Bros.' big dredges has arrived from Toledo to go on the contract, and another one will reach here in a few days. Work will be pushed on the Detroit river all this season. The lightship and beacon lights marking the channel across Grosse point flats are in position. Vessels will pass to the westward of the lightship, and should give her a berth of about 300 feet to find the best water. All floating and range lights at or near the mouth of the Detroit river are shining. Private dispatches received here announce that the Welland canal will be opened on or about the 20th inst.

Fire in Hohenzollern Palace.

BERLIN, April 18.—A fire started in the eastern wing of the Hohenzollern palace, at Sigmaringen, and did an immense amount of damage before the flames were extinguished. The palace stands on a rock rising abruptly from the Danube, and it was extremely difficult to get sufficient water to the high altitude of the palace. The fire burned throughout the night and that part of the structure known as the Furstenbau was completely gutted. The palace contained a great number of priceless works of art and many of these were destroyed.

Heavy Robbery of Jewelry.

MANSFIELD, O., April 18.—During the night burglars entered the store of George M. Wilkinson, the leading jeweler of this city, and completely gutted it. They cracked the safe and secured its contents, consisting of over 250 gold watches, a large quantity of diamonds, and other valuable jewelry, together with a considerable amount of money. It was the largest and most complete job in the history of this county. The total loss is estimated at over $5,000. There is no clue.

Ruling on the Contract Labor Law.

BOSTON, April 18.—That a person must take a physical part in the actual transportation of aliens imported under contract to work in this country before he is criminally liable under section 6, chapter 551 of the act of congress of 1891 was the decision in the United States district court by Justice Nelson in the case of Cadwallader M. Raymond, the Charlestown bicycle manufacturer, where it was claimed the importer was liable.

Another Steamer Overdue.

PHILADELPHIA, April 18.—Much anxiety is felt in seafaring circles over the non-arrival at this port of the British steamer Castlegate, Captain Evans, which is now two weeks overdue, and it is feared that she, with a crew numbering twenty-three men and a cargo, valued at $300,000, has suffered a fate similar to that of the Naronic. The Castlegate left Dantzic, March 5, with a full cargo of sugar.

Fire at Plymouth, Mich.

PLYMOUTH, April 18.—Fire started about midnight in George Vanecar's barber shop and before it was gotten under control the leading business block of the town was in ruins. It looked at one time as if the entire town would be wiped out and help was asked for from Detroit. The engines from Detroit, however, did not reach here in time to be of service. Loss about $50,000.

Censured the Company.

HAZLETON, Pa., April 18.—The coroner's jury appointed to inquire into the Laurel Hill disaster by which three miners were drowned, rendered the following verdict: "That the said William Trebath, Richard J. Williams and Thomas Hodgson came to their deaths through the gross negligence of the operators, A. Pardee & Co."

Arbitration of Labor Disputes.

LONDON, April 18.—In the house of commons the Rt. Hon. A. J. Mundella, Liberal member of parliament for Brightside, Sheffield, and president of the board of trade, introduced a bill to provide for the submission of labor disputes to arbitration. The bill was passed to a first reading without debate.

The Detroit Breaks the Record.

NEW LONDON, Conn., April 18.—The cruiser Detroit broke all records for a craft of her displacement yesterday by averaging fully eighteen and a half knots per hour for four consecutive hours. The builders are sure of $150,000 bonus and the government will have to foot the bill for this entire cruise.

Fete in Honor of Victoria.

FLORENCE, April 18.—The grand Indian fete in celebration of the visit of Queen Victoria to Florence took place in the Nicolini theatre, which was transformed into a temple of the sun, with gold stairways leading to a virgin forest in which were grottoes guarded by monsters.

ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

What the Law Makers Are Doing at Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, April 13.—The senate yesterday sent the electric light plant bill to third reading, all the amendments being shelved which had been proposed with the object of defeating the bill, including the "eminent domain" amendment. The portion of the record giving the "row" over adjournment of Tuesday was stricken out. A joint resolution was introduced that the legislature adjourn sine die Friday, May 19. Another was introduced making the time for the sine die adjournment Tuesday, May 23; referred to the committee on rules. The governor sent in the nomination of Albert Zimmermann, of Peoria, to be a member of the state board of pharmacy.

Republicans helped the Democrats to carry their points in the house on the truancy bill. Amendments were adopted: Providing that the twelve weeks of compulsory attendance shall be consecutive; providing that the penalty against neglect to attend school shall be against "every wilfull neglect;" striking out the clause, "shall stand committed until fines are paid," making the appointment of truant officers by boards of education applicable to "towns, villages and school districts," instead of cities alone, rendering it the duty of the truant officers to "report all violations" instead of "carefully and discreetly to make inquiries into and concerning all supposed violations of this act and report the same in writing."

SPRINGFIELD, April 14.—In the house yesterday the senatorial apportionment bill came up and with it a beautiful row that wasted the whole day and resulted in nothing being done. The speaker ruled that the apportionment bill was privileged to be read a first time and always in order. The Republicans opposed calling it up at all, and when the speaker refused to listen to them grew wild. Later they demanded the yeas and nays on a motion to refer, and this the speaker took no notice of, although there were enough on their feet to demand roll-call, and more.

After a long talk finally the speaker permitted a roll-call, saying that there had been so much confusion that he did not know what was demanded. Then the Republicans filibustered until the Democrats obtained enough members to adjourn. Before the row began a resolution was adopted for a constitutional amendment to permit the legislature to regulate "and control contracts, conditions and relations existing or arising from time to time between corporations and their employes." There were only these negative votes: Callahan, Creighton, Cusey, Dow, Guffin, Hawks, McCrone, McMurdy, Ramsey, and Wilson of Sangamon.

In the senate the electric light plant bill was passed—33 to 8. The congressional reapportionment bill was also passed by a strict party vote—27 to 21. The general appropriation bill was advanced to third reading. The governor sent in a communication from the southern prison trustees asking for an emergency appropriation of $27,000 to meet a deficiency.

SPRINGFIELD, April 15.—The whole session of the house yesterday was occupied in an attempt of the Republicans to have the journal show their view of the events of Thursday, and of the Democrats to defeat that object. They did this by breaking the quorum and the end was an adjournment without advancing the business of the state one iota, the adjournment being practically to Tuesday next. Hardly a quorum of senators was on hand in their chamber, and the only business done was the receipt of a few reports the introduction of a few bills, and the advance to to the third reading of the following: To increase the fees of the assessor in counties of the third class; to reduce the rate of interest on foreclosure and redemptions from 8 to 6 per cent.; to regulate the filing for record of the plat of lands not within the boundaries of cities; allowing a per diem fee to clerks of circuit and probate courts in the counties of second class; fixing a schedule of fees to be charged for the incorporation of companies.

HIS BODY FLATTENED OUT.

United States Soldier Crushed by a 14-Ton Gun.

CHICAGO, April 17.—An accident at the World's fair grounds resulted in the death of James W. Warwick. A comrade, M. J. Kern, lies at the fair hospital suffering from injuries that may prove fatal. Both men belonged to the regular army and had been assigned to duty at the government exhibit. They were crushed under a fourteen-ton gun that was being hoisted to its place in the exhibit. The gun is one of the large pieces of modern ordnance that will form part of the national exhibit and had been left by the transportation companies outside the building.

A squad of soldiers was detailed to hoist the gun into the building and mount it for exhibition. Work progressed successfully until one end was swinging clear of the ground. Warwick and Kern went under the suspended mass to adjust the apparatus. While in this position the gearing broke and the gun fell to the ground. Warwick was fairly caught by the big piece and instantly killed. His body was crushed and flattened. Kern occupied a more fortunate position. The descending mass grazed his side. He received serious injuries, however, and his recovery is doubtful. He was taken to the fair hospital.

PUBLISHING FIRMS SHAKY.

Half a Dozen Chicago Concerns on the Brink of Financial Disaster.

CHICAGO, April 17.—Half a dozen Chicago publishing houses are said to be trembling on the brink of ruin as the result of the recent suicide of Horace O'Donoghue, the well-known printer. Two failures have already resulted, and others, it is said, will follow in the next few days. O'Donoghue secured accommodation paper from his customers aggregating upward of $200,000, and several concerns are being forced to the wall because of inability to meet these notes as they fall due. It is claimed that when the O'Donoghue estate has been straightened out but few of the creditors will suffer, but just now the only thing the publishers can do is to meet the promissory notes as they come due and take their chances on getting full payment out of the estate. Failing to do this they are compelled to suspend business.

Cut His Throat with a Razor.

ZANESVILLE, O., April 17.—Thomas Johnson, a middle aged man claiming to be a glassblower, committed suicide at Avondale, a small town north of here. He stepped into a barber shop, which was also used as the postoffice, and asked to be shaved. After the barber finished his work, Johnson called for some paper, saying that he wished to write a letter, and as the barber stepped to the other side of the room Johnson seized a razor and cut his throat, dying almost instantly. There is no motive for the deed.

FRIGHTFUL CALAMITY.

Destructive Earthquake on the Island of Zante.

SCORES OF INHABITANTS KILLED.

The Bodies of Twenty People Already Taken from the Debris and the Search Goes on—A Corps of Gentlemen Volunteers Organized in Yorkshire to Join the Ulster Unionists in Armed Resistance to Home Rule—Foreign Flashes.

ATHENS, April 17.—The island of Zante, one of the principal Ionian islands, was visited by a most destructive earthquake, resulting in great loss of life and property. The shock appears to have been most violent in the city of Zante, the greater part of which was destroyed. The people are panic-stricken and the authorities helpless. The streets are impassable, being filled with masses of stone and timber, the wreckage of the houses which were thrown down by the earthquake.

Thus far the bodies of twenty persons killed by falling walls have been removed from the debris, and it is feared that many more dead are still in the ruins. The number of persons injured runs up in to the hundreds. Everything is in confusion and the work of searching for bodies and for the injured cannot be pursued systematically. The greater portion of the inhabitants have fled to the plains back of the city, where they wander about in a distracted manner bewailing the loss of their homes and property.

The Whole Island Devastated.

The shock occurred at 7:30 in the morning. Most of the buildings that stood erect after the shocks of February and March were either thrown down or shattered so as to be unsafe for occupancy. The church of St. Dionysuis and the government offices were thrown down. Advices from the interior show that the whole island has been devastated. Many villages have been destroyed, and it is thought that the loss of life has been very great.

The full extent of the calamity cannot be estimated at present. War ships will be dispatched from the Piraeus with clothing, provisions and medicine for the sufferers. It is pointed out here that the Zante disaster is confirming the prediction made a few days ago by Professor Falb, who predicted the former earthquakes, that disturbances more serious than the recent ones would occur on April 16 or 17. His prediction has proved true, for the shock is the worst that has ever visited Zante, which is noted for its earthquakes.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

Armed Resistance Promised by a Corps of Gentlemen Volunteers.

LONDON, April 17.—The honorable Colonel C. F. Dawnay, who was a member of the late parliament from Thirsk and Malton, Yorkshire, but was not a candidate for the present parliament, is taking an entirely military stand on the subject of Irish home rule. The colonel belongs to the noted Anglo-Irish family of Dawnay, being a brother of Viscount Dawnay, who is also baronet of England. Colonel Dawnay is about 46 and was for twelve years in the Coldstream guards. In the late parliament he was for suppressing the National league in Ireland. He announces the formation of a corps of gentlemen volunteers in Yorkshire, with the intention of joining the Ulster Unionists in armed opposition to Irish home rule. Other news of a military character in relation to Irish home rule comes from Scotland. The newspapers of Glasgow report that the Orange lodges in that city are stoting rifles and bayonets, with the intention, it is presumed, of aiding the Orangemen of Ulster, to battle against Irish home rule.

Alexander's Coup d'Etat.

BELGRADE, April 17.—The general acquiesence, if not approval, with which King Alexander's coup d'etat was hailed is already interrupted. The Liberals have gathered courage since Thursday night and now apparently appear to excite the people against the government. The Liberals have issued a manifesto in which they describe the new ministry, composed of M. Dokitch and his colleagues appointed by King Alexander since he seized royal authority, as usurpers of political power and as having incited the king to the coup d'etat in violation of the constitution and laws of Servia. The Liberals state that they make their stand upon the rights of the people which they claim have been outraged and ignored by the alleged usurpation.

Fifty Years Married to His Third Wife.

PRINCESS ANNE, Md., April 17.—John W. Crisfield claims to be the only man in the country who has been married to his third wife for fifty years. Friday evening the aged couple celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, and among the guests was an old friend who had been Mr. Crisfield's best man at his first wedding. Mr. Crisfield married his third wife March 12, 1843. He is 84 years old and in vigorous health.

REINSTATEMENT REFUSED.

Lake Shore Engineers' Case Decided by Superintendent Caniff.

CLEVELAND, April 17.—It was learned Saturday that the Lake Shore Railroad company will not reinstate the engineers who quit work at Toledo. The board of adjustment of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers held a consultation with General Superintendent Caniff Friday and asked that the men who left the company's service be reinstated. In his reply the general superintendent said he did not wish it to be understood that the company would refuse to re-employ the men, but simply that they could not be reinstated in their old positions.

It is possible that the engineers will carry their case up to President Newell, but it is well known that his views in the matter coincide with those of the general superintendent.

A prominent member of the brotherhood said that there is no probability of a strike on the Lake Shore as a result of the decision. The conservative and ruling element of the brotherhood will oppose further action in the case on the ground that the men who quit work did so on their individual responsibility.

PATIENTS BRUTALLY TREATED.

Charges Made by a Former Employe of the Independence, Ia., Insane Hospital.

DUBUQUE, April 17.—A shocking story has been revealed in this city by a former employe of the insane hospital at Independence of the brutal treatment of patients by the attendants. He relates in many instances he had seen patients knocked down and pounded into insensibility, and that while he was employed there two had died from the injuries inflicted by attendants. He said no one could concieve what manner of treatment was heaped upon defenseless inmates of that institution. An investigation will be made by the authorities.

Important Nominations.

WASHINGTON, April 14.—The president sent the following nominations to the senate Friday: Richard H. Alvey of Maryland, to be chief justice of the court of appeals of the District of Columbia; Martin F. Morris of the District of Columbia, to be associate justice of the court of appeals of the District of Columbia; Seth Shepard of Texas, to be associate justice of the court of appeals of the District of Columbia; Levi H. Manning of Arizona, to be surveyor general of Arizona; John Lafabe of South Dakota, to be a receiver of public moneys at Rapid City, S. D.; William Aughin, of Minnesota, to be receiver of public moneys at Crookston, Minn.; Lucius Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, to be recorder of the general land office; Ribert Gillespie of Tennessee, to be principal clerk of the public lands in the general land office; John C. Geraghty of Minnesota, to be collector of customs for the district of Minnesota; Charles H. Miller, of Illinois, to be surveyor of customs for the port of Galena, Ill. To be assistant surgeon in the Marine hospital service of the United States, Emil Prochazka of Wisconsin.

One Hundred Mules Cremated.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 17.—The city stables at the dumping grounds, containing 145 mules belonging to the city sanitary department, were burned to the ground, with over one hundred of the mules they sheltered, at midnight. The mules that were rescued were burned in a most horrible and sickening manner. Nearly if not all of the mules could have escaped from the burning building, but obeying the instincts of animals they would not remove from the fast burning structure. Beneath the bright sheet of flames the great drove of mules stood crowded together trembling, but making no move to come out. The fire was of an incendiary origin.

Revolting Crime in an Almshouse.

GREENSBURG, Pa., April 14.—A revolting crime occurred at the almshouse near here Friday morning. Mrs. Mary Getchefsky gave birth to an illegitimate child. Immediately after the child was born she took a case knife, which had been secreted in her room and cut the infant to pieces, after which she threw the mangled pieces into the sewer. The home physician detected the crime. The woman was arrested a year ago, charged with attempting to burn her house, and she was committed to jail here. After she was liberated she made information against the jailer, charging him with being the father of the babe that met the awful fate.

Historical Engine "John Bull."

NEW YORK, April 17.—The queerest railroad train that has been seen in many a long year drew out of the Pennsylvania depot, Jersey City, amid the cheers of a big crowd of curiosity seekers. The train consisted of engine No. 1 of the Pennsylvania railway and cars No. 3 and 5. Engine No. 1 of the Pennsylvania road is also engine No. 1 of the United States, being the first railway locomotive used on this side of the Atlantic. It is called "John Bull," and started to puff its way laboriously to the World's fair, where it will be an object of wonder to millions.

Must Not Earn a Living on Sunday.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 17.—Miss Sadie Means was dismissed from the Second Presbyterian church because her work at the telephone exchange required her to be there four hours on Sunday. She complained to the Charleston presbytery which decided against her and an appeal was taken to the synod. A resolution has been introduced in the presbytery, the effect of which is to bar from membership in Presbyterian churches all men and women who work on Sunday. It will be considered at the next meeting.

"Old Hutch" Retires from Business.

NEW YORK, April 14.—Benjamin Peters Hutchinson (Old Hutch, as he is familiarly known) has retired from business. He has sold his grocery and restaurant at 31 Pearl street for $148 to H. Myer, and now proposes to devote himself to philosophy. Perhaps, even, he will write a book. If he does he promises it shall not be in a pessimistic vein. It will not add a single shadow to the somberness of life.

Suing the Standard for $1,000,000.

TOLEDO, April 14.—The greatest damage suit ever commenced in the courts of Lucas county was filed by City Solicitor Read on behalf of the city against the Standard Oil company. The allegations are that the company has conspired to prevent the city from constructing a gas plant. The amount of damages asked is $1,000,000.

Double Killing in Wisconsin.

CLINTON JUNCTION, April 14.—Matthew Bitner of La Prairie shot and killed his wife and Mrs. Hearne, a neighbor, and then set fire to the house, escaping to the woods. Bitner was a tenant on the farm of Arthur Hearne, and lived forty rods away from the Hearne farmhouse.

Wanamaker Pulls Up Stakes.

WASHINGTON, April 14.—The I Street residence of ex-Postmaster General Wanamaker was sold Thursday to S. S. Belmont, a son-in-law of the late August Belmont, for something in the neighborhood of $100,000. It formerly belonged to ex-Secretary Whitney.

Money to Help the Home Rule Bill.

NEW YORK, April 17.—The following additional subscriptions to the fund being raised here to help the passage of the home rule bill through the British parliament have been received by Secretary Ryan: Eugene Kelley, $1,000; John Kenny, treasurer, $1,000; Joseph Sheehan, treasurer, $2,500; and several smaller amounts, swelling the grand total to $10,001.21.

Foreign Ships at Fortress Monroe.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 17.—Two foreign ships, the Russian cruiser the Bausan and the French armored cruiser Jean Bart, have arrived, making seventeen men-of-war here now. The foreigners were received with the customary salutes.

Morgan Dix Declines a Bishopric.

BOSTON, April 14.—A letter has been received by a gentleman of this city from Rev. Morgan Dix, D. D., declining the nomination as bishop of Massachusetts, and declaring that there are insuperable obstacles in the way of acceptance.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of General Interest Picked from Here and There.

W. W. Pavey, noted spiritualist of Boston, Ind., has been pronounced insane and will be confined in an asylum.

Diphtheria is epidemic in the vicinity of Freedom, St. Clair county, Ills. There have been many deaths.

W. H. Wallace & Co. of Hammondsville, O., have assigned. There liabilities are estimated at $40,000.

Mrs. Ballou Miles-Evans, who was recently sent to jail for obtaining money under false pretenses, has been declared insane by a San Francisco jury.

Elizabeth Ryburn, administratrix, began suit for $5,000 damages against the Bloomington, Ills., Street Railway company for killing her son Harry.

Charles Salyards is under arrest at Winchester, Va., charged with murdering Policeman Martin at Carlisle, Pa. There was a reward of $1,000 for him.

By an explosion in the Black Diamond mine at Wilkesbarre, Pa., William George, aged 46, was killed, and William Weigendon, a laborer, was fatally burned.

* * *

William Smith, employed in mine No. 4 of the Brazil, Ind., Block Coal company, was crushed to death by falling slate.

Dallas McAllister, assistant agent of the American Express company at Anderson, Ind., committed suicide by shooting himself. A shortage of $95 in his accounts had been discovered.

Samuel Yarrum, of Ramona, Kas., is 106 years old. While living in Brighton, Ill., after he passed the century mark, he walked to Alton, eleven miles away.

When the presidential salute is fired at the naval review in the Hudson river there will be raised a noise the like of which has never been heard from cannons' mouths north of Virginia. Forty ships will fire twenty-one guns in succession.

There are fifteen cases of diphtheria at Altoona, Ills., and the schools of the town have been closed.

An insane man, giving the name of Peter Hoffmann and claiming to be from Evansville, Ind., was arrested near Saint Libory, Ills. He had been terrorizing the neighborhood, people thinking he was a wild man.

In one part of Brooklyn there is a preacher named Goodenough, and in another section of that town there is one who spells his name Toogood.

Brigham Young, Jr., advises his people to regard politics as of as much importance as religion, and predicts the Mormons will become "powerful politicians and saints."

* * *

Rear Admiral Benham, who figures in the Hampton Roads naval review, was the commander of the vessel that bore General Grant around the world.

Warren Blackwell was shot and instantly killed at Butler, Ind., by Deputy Marshal Rivett while resisting arrest.

William Hogan, pugilist, was shot fatally at Deadwood by J. C. Cook, proprietor of a saloon.

It is an open secret that Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who is now living in New York, is not in comfortable circumstances.

General Brinkerhoff of Mansfield, O., will succeed General R. B. Hayes as president of the National Prisoners' Aid association. He has for several years been its first vice president.

The president is said to have decided to ask the same men to represent the United States at the adjourned meeting of the international monetary conference at Brussels as were originally present at the meeting and to give them the same general instructions.

Letter Carrier Charles Tyler of New York city has been forty-eight years in the service, and in that time, it is estimated, walked 300,480 miles.

Diphtheria is epidemic at Staunton, Ills. The public schools are closed and a rigid quarantine is being enforced.

Ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman is very feeble, and sees no one but members of his family and very intimate friends.

* * *

Depew says the greatest collection of beautiful women he ever saw is now at Old Point Comfort.

The Iowa State Labor Federation meets at Des Moines instead of Burlington, May 15.

Clifford Blackman.

A Boston Boy's Eyesight Saved—Perhaps His Life

By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.

Read the following from a grateful mother: "My little boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, and it left him very weak and with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became so inflamed that his sufferings were intense, and for seven weeks he

Could Not Open His Eyes.

I took him twice during that time to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do him the faintest shadow of good. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon cured him. I have never doubted that it saved his sight, even if not his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the praise of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

because of the wonderful good it did my son." ABBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2388 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, APRIL 22, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—"Niobe."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"The Fencing Master."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Co.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Black Crook."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Robert Downing.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash aveune and Nineteenth street—Gus Williams.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

MR. REDMOND'S MANLY SPEECH.

The ablest, manliest, and altogether most self-respecting speech, from an Irish standpoint, during the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule bill, was that delivered by Mr. John E. Redmond, member of parliament for Waterford city, in reply to the arguments of Balfour, Chamberlain and other anti-Irish malignants. Mr. Justin McCarthy had previously permitted himself to be drawn into a declaration that "in as far as the Irish party could now forsee, the bill would be accepted as a finality." Mr. Redmond, however, told the English squarely, that it would be impossible for Ireland to bind herself to such a condition, and that "if such a clause were inserted in the bill, it would not be worth the paper on which it was written." He broadly hinted that the tendency of the times in England was in the direction of federalism. In short he met the Tory speakers at all points, and, so far as we can judge from the meagre outline sent by cable, made the one great speech of the session, excepting, of course, Gladstone's opening effort.

THE CITIZEN is glad to observe that there is no clashing between the two wings of the Irish party in the house of commons, and that a healthy spirit of criticism has manifested itself in regard to the crown veto and the financial provisions of the bill. Ireland cannot tolerate a veto of her acts of parliament by the crown on English, or Imperial, advice in any shape, because it would render Home Rule procedure nugatory. The Irish parliament, when established, must be responsible to Irish, not to English, opinion, and the new Irish executive must be similarly safeguarded. Otherwise it would be a dual British government—the Irish government getting lost in the shuffle, when the cards are sure to be manipulated by the British imperial faro bank dealer.

The financial propositions of the new bill are simply absurd. There is no good reason why Ireland should pay into the British treasury a tribute of from two and a half to three millions of pounds yearly for imperial expenses. After paying her other charges, Ireland, according to Gladstone himself, would be left a surplus of £500,000, with which to develop herself further. Now, this sounds like a huge joke. There are a thousand improvements needed in Ireland, outside of imperial interests, and money will be required to take care of them. The laying of an additional tax on a country already groaning under a burden of taxation, would only serve to make the new Irish government unpopular. Gladstone should not drive so hard a bargain with the Irish people. He should not sacrifice their interests in order to preserve Sir William Vernon Harcourt's budget intact. The financial clauses of the bill should be fought to the bitter end, because if they are not modified in the interests of Ireland, serious trouble is certain to result in the near future; and the very conflict between imperial and Irish interests, which the friends of the bill appear desirous of avoiding, will be certain to be precipitated.

Dealing with the financial problem, which gives much more uneasiness than any other propounded in the Gladstone bill, Mr. Redmond, in the *Nineteenth Century* magazine, writes thus:

"In the bill of 1886 Mr. Gladstone proceeded upon 'the method of quota,' and basing his calculation upon the Death Duties and the valuation, he declared Ireland's fair quota to be about one-fifteenth, that is £3,242,000, being one-fifteenth of a total for imperial charges of £48,630,000. This quota was at once challenged by Mr. Parnell as monstrously unjust. Mr. Giffen, in the March number of this Review for 1886, had estimated the entire taxable income of Ireland at £15,000,000, or about one fifty-third that of Great Britain, which he estimated at £800,000,000. In the present bill Mr. Gladstone discards the 'method of quota' and adopts the method of 'appropriating a particular fund,' and saying, 'This fund shall be taken by us to meet the obligations of Ireland for imperial service.' His chief argument is that this fund, namely, the customs, stands at present at a figure which he considers accurately represents Ireland's fair quota now. He now calculates imperial charges at £59,000,000, and he calculates Ireland's fair quota as about one twenty-third, or in figures £2,370,000, the net amount of the Irish customs fund. We object to this plan root and branch. We believe, as Mr. Gladstone admittedly was wrong in 1886 in fixing Ireland's quota at one-fifteenth, so he is wrong today in fixing it at one twenty-third. Mr. Giffen, as I have said, fixed it at one fifty-third. In a recent calculation made by Mr. J. J. Clancy, M.P., and based upon nine important tests—namely, a comparison in Great Britain and Ireland of (1) income tax assessments, (2) income tax receipts, (3) assessment of death duties, (4) amounts in government and India stocks, (5) amounts in stocks of all registered companies, (6) amounts for which money and postal orders were issued, (7) gross railway receipts, (8) deposits in postoffice and trustees savings banks, and (9) the tonnage entered and cleared at the chief ports—it appeared that Ireland's proportion was about one thirty-fifth. We invite a searching investigation into this matter. Whatever is our fair proportion we are willing to pay, but we strenuously object to this plan for 'laying hands upon' the Irish customs fund. It may be said imperial charges may rise and the amount of our quota may rise too, while, under the present bill, Great Britain would be accepting the Irish customs fund for better or worse. Yes, but the Irish customs are an increasing revenue. Within the last nine years they have risen £150,000, and with a rise in the general prosperity of Ireland they ought to swell by leaps and bounds, and the entire benefit under this scheme would go to our richer partner. The proposal to saddle Ireland with two-thirds of the cost of the police, while they exist, and of their gratuities and pensions when they are disbanded, is inequitable and intolerable. The Royal Irish Constabulary is distinctly an imperial force. It is neither more nor less than a standing army of occupation. Its existence has been necessitated by the spstem of government forced upon the Irish people against their will as part of an imperial policy. The cost of this police is a million and a half annually. In his speech on the first reading of the bill of 1886, Mr. Gladstone said, 'If the police of Ireland were organized upon the same principle and on the same terms as the police in England, instead of costing £1,500,000, it would cost £600,000 a year.' As a matter of fact, this is, I think, if anything, an over-estimate."

THE CITIZEN regrets that it cannot afford room for more of Mr. Redmond's splendid article, but it unreservedly indorses the foregoing quotation from it, and sincerely hopes that the Irish party, without regard to partisan affiliation, will "fight it out on that line if it takes all summer." Ireland cannot submit to be robbed under Home Rule pretexts. The whole English system in Ireland is highway robbery, tempered with trick-of-the-loop methods, and the less of it that is retained the better for Ireland's prosperity.

CARTER IN HARNESS.

Carter H. Harrison was inaugurated as Mayor of Chicago, for the fifth time, last Monday evening, Mr. Washburne retiring. Both gentlemen made speeches. Mr. Washburne's discourse was directed toward whitewashing his recent administration. Mr. Harrison did some good promising, which, no doubt, he will live up to. Carter is a good business man, and has large property interests. He knows that whatever may injure the city will also injure himself. It is likely, therefore, that the illicitly enterprising persons who hoped to reap a golden harvest under his administration will be grievously disappointed. Mr. Harrison announced the following officers for the ensuing two years: Corporation counsel, Adolph Kraus; comptroller, Oscar D. Wetherell; commissioner of public works; Hiram J. Jones; fire marshal, Dennis J. Swenie; commissioner of health, Dr. A. R. Reynolds; city sealer, Robert E. Burke; city collector, Frank X. Brandecker, Jr.; city prosecutor, William C. Asay; gas inspector, Henry F. Donovan; private secretary, W. A. S. Graham. All these, who were required to do so, filed their bonds, as did also Michael J. Bransfield, city treasurer, who furnished over $19,000,000, and took hold of the office on Thursday. The appointment of oil inspector has been deferred.

All, or nearly all, the officers appointed by Mr. Harrison are well known. Mr. Wetherell has been regarded mostly as a Republican, but he "got struck on Carter" and has been rewarded accordingly. In other words, he Greshamized. Hiram Jones has had public experience, and will, no doubt, fill his post to general satisfaction. Adolph Kraus is one of the best known, and one of the ablest, lawyers in the city. He is a partner in the firm with which ex-Judge Moran is identified. Dennis J. Swenie can hardly be called a partisan, although he is a Democrat, and is the premier fireman of America. Dr. Reynolds is a well-equipped and gentlemanly young physician. Robert Emmet Burke will do the city sealing in a handsome manner. Frank Brandecker can collect about as closely as any man that could be appointed to the position. William C. Asay is not venerable, but his ability as a limb of the law is unquestioned. Henry F. Donovan ought to be able to make the city gas burn much brighter that it does. Those gas companies will bear looking after, Col. Donovan. W. A. S. Graham, Mr. Harrison's private secretary, is a widely known newspaper man, still youthful. He has done some excellent work for the *Tribune* and other leading Chicago journals. Taken as a whole, the administration is by no means a weak one, and has a first class chance to make a booming record. It succeeds the weakest city administration Chicago has ever known. The satire on Charles II of England, with necessary alterations, might be fittingly applied to the late city executive:

Here goes our hari-kari mayor,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who often said a foolish thing
And never did a wise one!

FOR A MONUMENT TO MOORE.

It is the intention of Irish-American citizens of Chicago, who appreciate the genius of Ireland's great poet, Thomas Moore, to have a statue of him placed in some of our public parks before many years have rolled by. Central Park, New York, has one of the poet, and there is no reason why our Lincoln Park, which has honored Schiller and other great men, should not have room for a memorial of one of the greatest of the lyrists that have ever charmed the ear of humanity. In pursuance of this object, and for the formation of the nucleus of a fund (to be afterward enlarged) to carry it into effect, a Moore Musical Celebration will be held at Central Music Hall on Saturday evening, May 27, which will be the 114th anniversary of the birth of the immortal bard of Ireland. Further particulars will be announced hereafter.

CLEVELAND BEGINS BADLY.

Commissioner Blount, authorized by the President, has hauled down the American flag in Hawaii—something the aforesaid Blount was unable to do in Georgia, after old Sherman got down there—and the statu quo ante bellum has been restored. It was to be expected that Mr. Cleveland would take an early opportunity of undoing the work begun by the Harrison administration; but the mad rush of Mr. Blount to execute his chief's orders was, to say the least of it, undignified. Mr. Cleveland stands on the dead level of old fashioned continentalism. He sees America from that standpoint—a limited horizon. He does not look beyond the present. He does not calculate the future and its vastness—how awkward it will be for this great commercial nation to have no coaling stations—no outworks in either the Pacific or the Atlantic, when, some day, the storm cloud of war breaks upon her. It is not mere greed of territory that impels THE CITIZEN to criticise the action of Mr. Cleveland, as manifested through Mr. Blount; but we hold the American administration responsible for the future as well as for the present. The executive has done something which it cannot recall. It has, in the words of a great statesman and orator, destroyed an opportunity which it did not create and never can restore. The American flag waved unchallenged over Hawaii—placed there by braver hands than those which lowered it to the earth in the sight of the nations.

It is a bad beginning for the Cleveland administration, and seems to indicate a foreign policy in which the crawfish will be a diplomatic model. Bayard has gone to England. We all remember his crouching attitude toward that power when he was Secretary of State. The dismissal of Lionel Sackville West was the result of political exigency. It was not prompted by moral bravery on the part of Mr. Bayard, and, leaving out that one episode, his regime was as spiritless as those of Reverdy Johnson and Mr. Frelinghuysen. It is a bad beginning we repeat. America's national glory is not likely to be fostered by such a policy. England plants herself all around our seas. She is at Halifax, at St. John's, at Jamaica, at Nassau, at Vancouver's Island. She will be at the Sandwich Islands if we are not fortunate. There was no need whatever for Mr. Blount's action. We don't like it. We don't like to have an old and hardened, even if reconstructed, rebel handling our national colors in so rough a manner. We could stand it with better grace from a Union man—he would do it only in case of extreme emergency, if, indeed, he did it all, but we feel there is little real reverence for "old glory" in gentlemen of Mr. Blount's type—excellent, pleasant men personally—able men, too, we will admit—but a little unsafe, considering their record, their sectionalism, which was superior to their nationality; their reverence for musty ideas; their general retrogressiveness. Mr. Cleveland has made a mistake. He ought to have known better than employ an ex-rebel to haul down the Flag of Appomattox. Then, there is Hoke Smith, also a Georgian, with his scalping knife ready for the old Union soldiers. Look out for Hoke. What sympathy can *he* have with the men who held Alatoona Pass, stormed the lines of Jonesboro' and marched with Sherman from Atlanta to Richmond? What sympathy can *he* have, in short, with the men whose rifles drove Georgia, "like a bastinadoed elephant" back into the Union corral? We don't like Hoke. We wish he wasn't where he is. He certainly is not the right man in the right place—as far, at least, as the old Union soldiers are concerned. However, Grover, keep right on. Four years make a short span in the life of a nation, and the memory of the people is good.

O'CONNELL GOES FOWLING FOR FOWLER.

Our friend Edmund O'Connell, of Bloomington, Ill., who, together with being a good lawyer was also a good Union soldier, had a tilt with a cheap rural economist in the House at Springfield, on Wednesday, which makes lively reading. The question arose on a bill appropriating $1,000 to mark the position held by Illinois troops at the battle of Chickamauga. Representative Fowler, in opposing the third reading of the bill, after alluding to the money earned by the sweat of the toiling people of the State, described himself as "a watchdog of the treasury." The bark of this particular canine angered Representative O'Connell, who said:

"If there is any gentleman in this House who wishes to write himself down as a dog, whether it be a watchdog or any other kind of a dog, he may do so, but for me I refuse to do so. The gentleman from Hardin says it has been the custom of certain members of the Legislature to be in favor of building monuments for certain classes. Does anybody doubt whom he means by these certain classes? He speaks about bills being inconsistent with the Constitution. I would like to know what a one-horse lawyer, coming seventy miles from nowhere, knows about the Constitution; it is all rot." (Applause.)

"What name applies to the man who pilfered money from the Treasury?" inquired Fowler.

"You fellows left the Treasury without a dollar in 1860."

"How did the Republican party leave the Treasury in 1892?" inquired Anderson of Washington.

"There never was a time in the history of the country that we were so rich and prosperous as during the reign of the Republican party," replied O'Connell. "There was a cry that we were in danger because the Republicans had put so much money in the Treasury."

"Are you in favor of appropriating money from the Treasury to mark the battlefields of every battle fought in this country?" inquired Fowler.

"When that question comes up I will vote upon it, but we are now upon this this question," answered O'Connell. "All this talk about saving the people's money is not sincere. It is done so the people of 'Squedunk' can read in the papers what their member is doing. Let us do a patriotic thing for once. Let the gentleman from Hardin be sorry for his sins. We will then forgive him and let him be one of us."

The roll was called and the bill passed by a vote of 101 yeas to 29 nays.

AN IRISH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

It appears from a programme already published, that the Welsh intend holding a monster musical festival during the World's Fair in Chicago. The days mentioned are the 5th, 6th and 7th of September, and it appears that the Welsh have made arrangements with the World's Fair authorities to have their "Eisteddfod" held in Festival Hall in in the Exhibition grounds. It is said, on what authority we know not, that $20,000 will be given in prizes to the best singers, musicians, poets, etc. It is certain that a very large sum of money will be given in prizes, and that the affair will be a magnificent success, and right minded Irishmen most sincerely hope that it will.

But what are the Irish going to do about *their* music and *their* language at the World's Fair? Are they going to ignore them as usual? There are more Irish in Chicago than there are Welsh in the United States. It will be an everlasting shame to us if we do not make some effort to have an Irish or Gaelic musical festival in Chicago before the Exposition closes. The Welsh are first in the field, and seem by the programme they have issued, to have all their arrangements made. It would hardly be possible, at this late hour, for the Irish to get up anything so elaborate as their Welsh Celtic cousins have; but there need not be any envious rivalry between them; both come from the same racial stock, and the artistic glory of the one is, in a certain sense, the glory of the other. If an Irish or Gaelic musical festival of even one day and one night could be got up, it ought to be seen to at once. There is plenty of time to prepare it; it would be better not to have it until the weather gets cool in the fall. Holding it and the Welsh festival nearly at the same time, would in no way interfere with its success, for of all the nationalities that will be gathered together in Chicago during the Exhibition, there will be none that will more willingly attend an Irish musical festival than the Welsh, for they are an essentially musical people, and love Gaelic music next to their own.

It is to be hoped that these few hints about getting up a Gaelic musical festival in Chicago before the Exhibition closes, may induce some of our prominent Irish citizens to come together and see what can be done. R.

IRELAND'S NATIONAL COLOR.

The subjoined communications will prove interesting to the archæologically inclined among our readers. The late Sir John Bernard Burke was a gentleman whose knowledge of the past was something preternatural; and we have little doubt that, as far as the period of Ireland's connection with England, down to the year 1798, is concerned, he is correct. What the Irish national color anterior to the period of the Norman invasion and partial conquest was, it is impossible to determine at this day, for the reason that most of the Irish national records, in the Gaelic and Latin languages, that would bear on such matters have been destroyed. We do not know for a certainty what the color was that King Brian fought under at Clontarf, but if it was not green, it ought to have been so. In apostrophizing the Leinster men Dalton Williams, who was well versed in ancient story, says:

Ye sons of the kingly Temora,
Exalt the bright green of our sod—
The hue of the mantle of Flora—
The emerald banner of God!

but, of course, poetry is not proof, and Sir Burke is formidably statistical. But, even granting that Ireland's color was blue before the era of the United Irishmen, the will of the Irish people, who are, surely, the court of last resort in such a case, has made it green ever since. The rebel song of 1797, written immediately after the failure of Hoche's fleet and army to land in Bantry Bay the preceding Christmas, shows the popular feeling of the period:

What color will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht—
What color will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht:
What color should be seen,
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But their own immortal Green,
Says the Shan Van Vocht!

What will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht—
What will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht:
What should the yeomen do
But throw off the Red and Blue,
And swear that they'll be true,
Says the Shan Van Vocht!

There certainly can be no doubt about how Ireland regarded the respective merits of the Red and Blue, as contrasted with the Green, in 1797-98. France changed her flag, which used to be white, with golden fleur-de-lis, to the beautiful tricolor, that "rainbow of the free," after she overthrew the Bourbon monarchy a hundred years ago. Ireland had just as good a right to declare for the green, as her national color, in the bravest, if, in many respects, most unfortunate epoch in her chequered history. That the Brigade wore red at Fontenoy makes no difference. It was the livery of the House of Stuart, and that house, in that day and generation, represented the nearest approach to Irish nationality that the people of the period understood. The English archery anterior to Henry VIII's time, generally wore white blouses, with the red cross of St. George on their breasts. But Ireland has chosen the Green. It is the color that fits her—God's own vernal color, in which He has clothed her beauteous and heroic form. Old Sir Burke may wear the Blue, on the other side of Jordan, but, in the words of Henry Grattan Curran, we say to his learned and antiquated ghost:

'Tis the Green, O, the Green is the color of the true;
And we'll back 'gainst the Orange, and we'll lift it o'er the Blue;
'Tis the color of our Fatherland should there alone be seen—
The color of our martyred dead—our own beloved Green!

NEW YORK, March 10.—*To the Editor of the New York Sun, Sir:* The accompanying statement, made by the late Sir Bernard Burke, "Ulster King of Arms," known as the highest authority upon matters heraldic, should be considered sufficient proof in establishing the rights of those who claim that "blue" is the national color of Ireland. The readers of the *Sun* will, I am sure, be much interested in the perusal of this true and exact copy of a paper written by Sir Bernard upon the above named subject.

W. A. HAMILTON.

The question of the Irish national color was raised a short time since in connection with the state prosecutions in Ireland, and it nearly became the subject of legal controversy. That I might reply correctly I made every possible inquiry. I examined carefully the old Celtic authorities. I searched through the Annals of the Four Masters, the Bardic Remains and the other documents, and I sought information from all the sources I thought likely to afford it. Previous to the Anglo-Norman invasion it does not appear that there was any color or standard for Ireland at large. The various septs were ranged under the banners of their respective chiefs, and when one of these chiefs was elected king his color may have been considered for the time the national ensign. The field "gules" of the O'Brien coat of arms would indicate the Brian Boru's banner at Clontarf was "red." Most assuredly, the popular colors of those days were crimson, saffron and blue. Green was not in favor. O'Neill did not use it, nor O'Meleaghlin nor O'Donnell nor McCarthy, nor O'Rourke, MacMorrough-Kavanagh, nor O'Brien, and those were the chief Celtic princes from whom the kings were chosen.

Certain it is that from the date of the advent of Strongbow and his followers, the field of the national arms, and consequently the national color, has been blue.

From the fact that "azure three crowns or" was the coat of augmentation granted by King Richard II. to his favorite, Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford and Marquis of Dublin, when he created him duke of Ireland, with the sovereignty thereof, and the occurrence of the "three crowns" on the old Irish coinage it may fairly be inferred that the coat of arms was the national bearing of Ireland during the Plantagenet era.

This coat "azure three crowns or" was that of St. Edmund, and it is just possible that the Anglo-Normans, arrayed as they are known to have been under the banners of St. George and St. Edmund, may have introduced the bearings of St. Edmund as the ensign of the newly acquired country of Ireland; St. Edmund's arms had indeed long been employed as part of the royal insignia. They were borne with those of St. George in the army of King Edward I., and in conjunction with the royal banner were placed on the turrets of Caerlaverock castle after its capture. The three crowns were relinquished for the harp as the arms of Ireland by Henry VIII., from fear, it is said, that they might be taken for the Papal tiara; and the gold harp on a blue field has been since the time of James I. quartered for Ireland in the royal achievement.

There is a very interesting MS. in the handwriting of Sir William Le Neve, still preserved in the Herald's College, London, on the subject of the adoption of the harp. In it are the words of dissent of the Earl Marshal, the Earl of Northampton, which are worth quoting:

"Sir Wm. Seager tould me yt when ye commrs for ye first clayms of King James had determined ye harpe to be quartered with France, England and Scotland for ye Armes of Ireland, the Earl of Northampton (Lord H. Howard) in shewing no affection in approving ye same, sayd ye best reason that I can observe for ye bearing thereof is, it resembles yt country in being such an instrument it requires more cost to keep it in tune than it is worth; not 3 crowns are ye antient armes of Ireland (the Harpe but an antient badge or whence device of that country) from it came yt Vere Duke of Ireland had 3 crowns with a border given him in augmentation. In the tyme of Edw. ye 4th a commission being to enquire ye armes of Ireland, it was returned yt 3 crowns were ye armes, and these armes I have seen upon ye reverse of old Irish coins."

It is thus shown that azure, and azure only, has been the color of Ireland since the English conquests, and it is equally clear that antecedently green was never adopted by any of the great Celtic houses from which the kings of Ireland were chosen. At the creation of the order of St. Patrick, an order instituted as a compliment to the nationality of Ireland (just after '82), and the volunteers, when it was the object of the king to gratify the national sensibility of Ireland, the color selected for the knights was blue; the Royal Irish Regiments have their facings generally blue, and never green, and the uniform of the Irish Brigade in the service of France was red.

To sum up, I am clearly of the opinion that prior to the Anglo-Norman invasion there was not any color or banner adopted for Ireland at large, that none such is traceable in the old Celtic records or authorities, none handed down by tradition, and none found mentioned in history; and I am equally certain that since the introduction, of English rule the national color, established by and derived from the national arms, has been invariably blue.

J. BERNARD BURKE.

MRS. DANIEL CURLEY'S HOME.

The readers of THE CITIZEN will observe in the news columns the announcement that the home for Mrs. Daniel Curley and her children has been purchased by the committee. It will be delivered to Mrs. Curley on May 18, and will, in a measure, secure her future comfort and practical independence. In order to put the residence in complete repair, the sum of $400 additional will be necessary, and the committee feel certain that the generosity of Irish-Americans will not stop short at that small amount. All who desire to aid in this good work will please send their subscriptions as soon as possible to the treasurer of the Mrs. Curley Fund, the Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue.

THE following relics of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher have been placed in a handsome glass case in the council chamber of his native city of Waterford: The American flag carried in the Union army at Fredericksburg, the

flag of the Irish Brigade, a field sword, the property of Meagher, a tunic worn by the late General, and several medals. All are in an excellent state of preservation, and the presentation sword contains the following inscription: 'Presented by the Napper Tandy Light Artillery to Brig-Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher as a small token of his sterling devotion to liberty.' When the foregoing were received from Mrs. Meagher a splendid portrait of the General was also presented by Thomas Gallagher of New York, a native of the city of Waterford.'

WHEN the late Dan O'Hara, of pleasant memory, was city treasurer, certain newspapers made a determined effort to take the intesest on the public moneys out of his hands. One day a reporter came to him and said, "Uncle Dan, the —— wants to know whether you will cover the interest on city funds into the city comptroller's office?" "Cover nothing!" exclaimed Daniel. "Tell the d—d old fool, your editor, to keep his spoon out of Dan O'Hara's porridge!"

THE annual general meeting of the Irish Literary Society, London, says *United Ireland*, was held on March 30, Mr. A. P. Graves (the well known author of "Father O'Flynn") in the chair. The following committee was elected for the ensuing year: Rev. Stafford Brook, John Augustus O'Shea, Michael McDonagh, Mr. Bryant, D. S.; R. Barry O'Brien, T. G. O'Keeffe, Dr. Todhunter, D. T. O'Donoghue, W. M. Crook, F. A. Fahy, Dr. Mark Ryan, W. B. Yates, A. P. Graves, Major McGuinness, treasurer, and T. W. Rolleston, secretary. Two new rules were added to the general rules of the society; one providing that a limited number of persons not of Irish nationality might be admitted to the society; and the other empowering the committee to admit as visiting members, on a small monthly subscription, ladies and gentlemen of Irish nationality who may be visiting London for a short time.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"L. D.," City—Your poetry is not up to the standard—neither does it give promise that it ever will be.

"E. S.," City—THE CITIZEN cannot answer such questions. Consult a practicing attorney.

"Maghernfelt," City—The surest sign of a cowardly spirit is to use the mails for anonymous abuse. Even a very yellow dog would be ashamed to bark at such a thing as you are.

REQUIEM MASS FOR PETER WHITE.

The Rev. Dr. T. J. Butler, of St. John's, Pays a Tribute to the Memory of the Patriot.

The Rev. Dr. T. J. Butler, pastor of St. John's parish, this city, celebrated solemn high mass of requiem for the repose of the soul of the late Peter White, of Dublin, on Wednesday morning. As the Rev. gentleman had announced on Sunday last his intention of offering up the mass, a large number of his parishioners, who were well aware of Mr. White's able services in the cause of Irish industries, attended. At the conclusion of the mass, Dr. Butler preached an affecting obituary sermon, in which he dwelt upon the piety and practical patriotism of the lamented gentleman. Few Irishmen, he said, loved their country better than Peter White, whose every thought was given to its welfare. He was, indeed, far more a man of action than of theory, and he constantly pointed out to his fellow-countrymen the path to prosperity even under the shadow of alien rule. He taught them lessons, that would not be forgotten, in energy and perseverance. His death, occurring at this time, was a severe, in fact an incalculably severe, blow to the success of the Irish exhibit at the World's Fair, of which he was the moving spirit. Dr. Butler spoke feelingly of the kindness he had experienced at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. White and their children when he met with a painful accident in Dublin during his recent tour in Ireland, and was a guest at their pleasant home. He hoped that God would comfort the widow and orphans in their overwhelming affliction. No more devoted husband and father than Peter White had ever existed. In concluding his eloquent sermon, Dr. Butler commended the soul of his departed friend to the God of all glory and asked the prayers of the congregation for his eternal rest.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

A New Song of New Ireland.

"The New Ireland Over the Ocean" is the title of a new song which, in the words of the New York *Recorder*, "pictures in a happy vein an Irish emigrant's love for his old home and enthusiasm for the land of promise, America, the new Ireland." The Brooklyn *Daily Chronicle* says "it will live while a sod of Irish soil is washed by the Atlantic." It was sung by Miss Nina Bertini Humphreys, the well known prima-donna, for the first time on St. Patrick's night in Brooklyn, and the enthusiasm with which it was greeted prompted the Brooklyn *News* to say that "its popularity will extend to every place where an Irish heart beats." Charles W. Held, of 310 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N.Y., is the publisher of the song, the words of which were written by John J. McGinniss and the music by M. E. Nagle, organist of the Brooklyn Cathedral. It is dedicated "to the exiles of Erin."

LIFE ON THE FRONTIER.

Some Account of the Campaign Against the Ute Indians in Colorado During the Fall of 1879.

Bloody Incidents of the Thornburgh Disaster—Men and Horses Killed in Heaps Lieut. Cherry's Account of the Battle.

How the Cheyennes Put Capt. Wessels to Sleep.

[*For The Citizen.*]

BY JOHN F. FINERTY.

I had just returned from accompanying Miles' expedition against the Sioux, under Sitting Bull and Spotted Eagle, in the latter part of September, 1879, when Mr. Ed. J. Chamberlain, temporarily managing the Chicago *Times*, asked me as a personal favor, to proceed to Rawlins, Wy. T., and there join the expeditionary column, under Gen. Merritt, which was to march to the relief of the remnant of Maj. Thornburgh's command, surprised and defeated by the Utes in Milk River canon on the 29th of that month. As I had journeyed in that year, overland, from Vera Cruz to Woody Mountains, in British Northwestern Territory, not to speak of side "excursions" to the Indian Nation, and the Bad Lands of Nebraska and Dakota, I felt rather tired out, and besides, had a natural desire to taste the pleasures of Chicago civilization after a prolonged absence. However, I agreed to go, and, in due time, found myself at Rawlins, just thirty-six hours after Gen. Merritt had left it, at the head of 200 men of the Third and Fifth Cavalry, and 150 infantry, drawn in wagons, to accomplish the rescue of Thornburgh's survivors. These consisted of a troop of the Third Cavalry, under Capt. Joseph Lawson—my old messmate of the memorable Indian campaign of 1876—one of the Fifth Cavalry, unner Capt. Scott Payne, who had also eaten horse meat with Crook in that stirring Centennial year, and a detachment of infantry to guard the wagon train. They had gone to quell a disturbance of the Ute Indians at the White River agency, fully 200 miles by wagon road from Rawlins, and were suddenly attacked at the mouth of Milk River canon by the insurgent savages. Maj. Thornburgh and thirteen soldiers, together with Trainmaster McKinstry and some of his packers, had been killed in the affair, and the remnant of the command, encumbered by forty-two wounded men, including Capt. Payne, Lieut. Paddock and Dr. Grimes, were obliged to take refuge in "dug out" rifle pits, under a "hog back" bluff on one side, and mountain spurs, averaging 1,200 feet in height, on the other. This position was thus commanded thoroughly, and every live thing that showed itself above the rude works was instantly rendered inanimate by the deadly fire of the quick eyed foe.

Sheriff Rankin, of Rawlins, who had accompanied Capt. Payne's command in the capacity of a volunteer, bravely risked his life the night succeeding the disaster, and, managing to escape the vigilance of the Indians, conveyed tidings of the uprising, and the danger of the boys in blue, to the railroad. Merritt's action was prompt and energetic. He mustered all his available forces, to the number stated, at Rawlins on Oct. 2, marched the same day, and, at daylight on the 5th, was in front of Payne's position. His trumpeters sounded "officer's call," the historic rescue signal of the "Dandy Fifth," and the beleagured soldiers responded with ringing cheers. To Merritt's astonishment, some black troopers appeared among those who welcomed him, and then he learned that he had been anticipated by Capt. Dodge's troop of the Ninth Cavalry, colored, which, although out on other duty, having accidently heard of Payne's predicament, rode to his assistance, and, braving the Indian bullets, joined their comrades in the dug outs. They were not strong enough to raise the siege, but nobly shared the toil and danger of their imperilled friends.

All this I learned after the event, as also the massacre of Agent Meeker and his assistants, the captivity and dishonor of the female members of his household, and the murder of the luckless teamsters going with supplies to the doomed agency. I state it here, so as to avoid confusion in the progress of my narrative.

I reached Rawlins on the night of Oct. 3, and found a bed where I could, as the miserable little town was filled with army people and their camp followers. In the morning, I found Gen. Crook, nothing changed since '76, and he greeted me warmly. I asked him what he thought of the situation.

"They won't stand any big force," said he, "but will scatter like quail, and try to make terms. The Utes are not bad Indians, but they have been shamefully used, and are desperate. Merritt is sufficient to take care of them, but I'll send him reinforcements to make matters more secure."

I asked him when the next column would start, and he said early on the morning of the 6th. "Your old friend Guy Henry, of Rosebud fame, is here," said he, "and you had better hunt him up."

I did so, and he gave me a hand grip that made me wince. "Come with me," he cried; "you will be welcome."

"But, Colonel," said I, "you haven't a spare horse in the troop, and how can I go with you on foot?"

"I have it," said he. "Go and tell Crook. There are several condemned horses—some of them right good ones, too—in the quartermaster's corral, and, if you get an order, he may let you have one. There isn't a horse, outside of that, to be had or bought in Rawlins."

I sought the General, and, with that considerate kindness which formed the basis of one of the noblest characters the American army has developed, he gave me the required order.

I visited the corral, and the quartermaster, who was an old acquaintance, let me pick out the best animal I could find. I selected a stylish black steed, with an arched neck and a wicked eye.

"You had better not take him," said Capt. Gilliss, "because three men cannot bit him. That's the reason he is here."

I took him, nevertheless, and if ever a man paid dearly for a momentary rashness, I did before that campaign was over. That animal could only be bitted by painful and tedious strategy, and all the efforts of my then experienced horsemanship could not reduce his pace to a sober and dignified walk. I believe the beast trotted in his sleep. Added to this discomfort, I could only procure a saddle two sizes too small in the "tree," so that my experience until I reached Snake River, where I exchanged saddles with Capt. Clifford, of the Seventh Infantry, was anything but enjoyable.

The morning of Oct. 6, was ushered in by a clouded sky, and a cold high wind. The dust—alkaline, and pungent as horse radish—rose in clouds, and completely enveloped our little column, which consisted of two troops of the Third Cavalry, under Col. Henry, Capt. Wessels and Lieuts. Chase and Hardee; and a battalion of the Seventh Infantry under Lieut.-Col. Gilbert. One of the companies of this force was under the orders of my friend, Lieut. William Quinton, who commanded the redoubt near old Fort Peck in the early part of Gen. Miles' summer campaign of that year. We had along just enough wagons to carry bedding and cooking utensils.

The march was severe but rather devoid of interest until the fourth day out, when we approached the mouth of the long defile of Bear River canon, our videttes, under Lieut. Chase, well thrown out in front and flank, and the column in hand for action if any foe should attempt to bar our way. The scenery was grand and savage—made up as it was of mountain, cliff, rivulet and forest in endless succession. At some points, the infantry diverged from the main trail, and made short cuts through the mountain passes, and I remember how picturesque they looked, one morning early, winding over a lofty crest, their gun barrels glittering in the sun, and their gray old colonel riding among them, a very picture of martial dignity. A great many of these infantry were recruits, but, in spite of blistered heels, they sustained the marching reputation of their famous regiment, which had looked upon the mutilated corpses of Custer's fated battalion in '76, and had fought with stout John Gibbon against Chief Joseph that bloody August day of 1877, in Big Hole Pass, far northward in Montana.

The features of the landscape increased in sublimity as we cleared the long, rough canon, and emerged into the open country, where a vista of gigantic mountains, shrouded in a softening blue mist, burst upon us. We marched in silence, drinking in the scene, when, suddenly, Col. Henry exclaimed, "By Jove! There's something big coming our way!"

I followed the direction of his finger and saw a long, dark object moving slowly along the plain. It grew larger, and then I could make out a column of men, with some horses and wagons in rear and center.

Presently we met, and the first man I recognized was Capt. John G. Bourke, of Crook's staff, who had accompanied Merritt. With him were Capt. Scott Payne, wounded in the arm, Lieut. Paddock, of the Third Cavalry, badly wounded in the leg, Assistant Surgeon Grimes also severely hurt; Lieut. Cherry, of the Fifth Cavalry, and my old and ever dear, friend, Capt. Joe Lawson, of the "3d horse," by whose side I had slept, marched and fought during most of the Big Horn and Yellowstone campaign. He alone, owing to his age, was on horsebrck. The troops on foot were soldiers of the Third and Fifth Cavalry, who had lost their horses in the fight and siege, and in the wagons were forty-two wounded men, and the corpse of Maj. Thornburgh.

"Hello, there, Mr. Veenerty, how you vas?" said a German voice from among the wounded warriors. I turned to look, and who was it but my old "striker" Schubert, of E Troop, of the Third, who had attended to my horse during the Rosebud campaign.

I clasped the brave veteran's hand with genuine pleasure, and he pointed out to me with pride among the badly injured, half a dozen of the soldiers I had known so well in the gallant days of '76. All hailed me cordially, the brave and modest Sergeant Ambrose remarking:

"Oh sir, they've about wiped out poor Troop E. It was the darndest fight I ever was into. The owld Captain is a Spartan, as he always was. Poor Paddy Doran, you knew him in the owld campaign, got killed."

The two commands were halted, and Capt. Lawson called out, "Finerty, come here till I show you this."

He had dismounted, and was holding in his hand the left stirrup of his McClellan saddle. He held it up for my examination. The wooden foot rest had been completely shot through, and the same Ute bullet had torn the sole from the veteran's riding boot.

"A close call that, Captain," was my comment.

"Yes, indeed," said he. "I remember only one more as close. It was when I was in Adams' Kentucky brigade of horse in the Stoneman rai——"

"What!" exclaimed Bourke, "the Kentucky brigade again! I thought the doctors forbade you to excite yourself by talking about it."

Bourke delighted to tease the old man, but he took it good humoredly, and we all sat down to a soldier's luncheon. Cherry was in high spirits and gave a graphic account of how the fight began. "If we had ever gotten down into the canon of Milk river," said he, "not a man of us would have been left to tell the tale. We wern't expecting trouble, as a delegation of chiefs had come the night or two before to our camp and began talking peace. Payne said his orders were to go to the agency. They said if he went the young men would make trouble, and then they left. The wagons and the infantry took the canon road, but the troopers took a side trail, which, at some distance, led down into the pass. I was in advance and observed the Indians lying close in the timber. It struck me that they might want to parley with us, so I waved my hat to have them come and join us. Perhaps they mistook it for a signal to our men to fire, but whether they did or not, they immediately fired themselves. Our horses became unmanageable and the head of our column was disordered, several of the men being killed and wounded. Payne and Lawson called out. "Dismount and fight on foot." The soldiers, putting the reins over their left arms, did so, and then we had hell.

"The wagons were attacked at the same time. Thornburgh gave orders to fall back slowly, and was shot dead immediately afterward, near the river crossing. Our two parties finally got together and we stood off the Utes, whose fire was terrible. We gathered up our killed and wounded and took them with us. When we got under the hog back, both Payne and Lawson concluded it was well to halt, as we had no better place for miles in rear, and, as it turned out, we couldn't have found a worse position in the whole country. The wagons were formed into a sort of circle, and we made a kind of breastwork out of supply boxes and dead animals. The Utes charged us boldly a few times, but could make no headway, as our men stood to their arms most resolutely.

"At last, when we thought we had beaten them off, a great puff of smoke rose near our post, and McKinstry, I think it was, cried out, By —— they're trying to burn us out!"

"And so they were. They opened upon us, too, to prevent the men from quenching the flames. In this melee, poor McKinstry, some waggoners and a few soldiers were shot dead. But our boys, some of them using blankets while others kept firing on the Utes, succeeded in smothering the fire. The Indians left us alone then for a time, and Payne laid out a circle of rifle-pits—one big square hole for the wounded in the centre—which we dug out and completed during the night. For five days and nights we stood them off, but they shot all our animals, mostly from the crest of the hog back above us."

"But what did you do for water," I asked.

"Well," said he, "when night came we asked for volunteers. The creek was a couple of hundred yards away, and they had to run the gauntlet of the Indian fire. Several were hurt, but they managed to get enough water to relieve the command. The poor wounded suffered terribly from thirst, and all the more so, because Dr. Grimes, the surgeon of the expedition, was himself wounded."

"The second night of the siege we heard shouting and firing all of a sudden, and Dodge, of the Ninth Cavalry, and his brave darkies broke through the Utes and joined us. They had to turn their horses loose, and they were all captured or shot."

"How did you feel when Merritt came?"

"Well, I was on guard, as it was well on toward daylight and you know that is the worst time for Indians who mean mischief. Suddenly I heard a sort of distant trampling, accompanied by a jingling sound, and my heart went into my mouth. Capt. Payne had heard it, too, but neither of us could make it out, until a sharp, sudden trumpet blast echoed among the mountains, and 'Officer's call' rang out on the morning breeze. Rankin, the brave guide, had safely piloted Merritt to our rescue. It was a joyful reunion, and many of us recalled the July morning in 1876 when the same signal announced to our quartermaster, Lieut. Hall, that the old Fifth was at his back against the Cheyennes at War Bonnet crossing."

By the time Cherry had finished his story of the fight, both parties were ready to resume their respective roads. Young Mr. Paddock, who had accompanied Col. Henry for the purpose of meeting his wounded brother, left our column and joined that proceeding to Rawlins. He has since entered the service himself, and has made an enviable record.

"Good-bye, Finerty," said Capt. Lawson, as he swung himself into the saddle. "You'll find poor Black Dan's (the name of the horse he rode in the '76 campaign) carcass rotting down there where we fought. He was a faithful comrade, if he was a horse!"

The old man drew his sleeve across his eyes, saluted and rode away. Cherry grasped his carbine by the muzzle, swung it over his shoulder and set out after him with a swinging stride. Within a year, both those gallant warriors were dead. Lawson, while on parade, was stricken with paralysis; and Cherry, while in pursuit of deserters in Wyoming, was shot from his saddle by one of his soldiers who had suddenly gone insane. It was a most tragical close to a bright, brave and noble young life, and one fair daughter of Pennsylvania never recovered the shock of his premature death.

That evening we reached a point near Thornburgh's battlefield, and Col. Henry received a dispatch from Gen. Merritt announcing that he would be found encamped on White River, near the wrecked agency.

About noon next day, we crossed, by a small bridge, a shallow stream in which we saw hundreds of pony tracks, a dead dog and a broken, half-burned wagon. A couple of low, long mounds about twenty yards away in a field attracted my attention. They were graves. Col. Henry and I leaped our horses over the ditch, approached them and read scrawled on a rough head-board over one of the ghastly tombs, these words:

"George Gordon, murdered by the Ute Indians, Sept. 29, 1879."

The other grave had nothing upon it by which its occupant could be identified. The men had been slaughtered by the savages immediately after Payne had been attacked. Other graves were scattered along the fields, and the wreckage of wagons was quite abundant at several points on the road.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, while we were walking our horses in a southwesterly direction, within a few miles of the eastern gate of Milk River canon, a powerful, and sickening, odor of decomposing flesh filled our nostrils and our lungs.

"The battlefield!" exclaimed Colonel Henry. "It reminds me of Petersburg after the failure of our assault."

He was right. A mile further on brought us right up to the fatal hog back, so often mentioned. There were the abandoned rifle-pits, portions of wagons and other significant debris of the fight. The level ground on both sides of the little stream called Milk River was dotted with the bodies of slain animals, and some lay right in the river bed. One of the pits had been converted into a grave, and the tail-board of a wagon, utilized as a head-stone, informed us that beneath lay Wagonmaster McKinstry and thirteen other white men. Around the rifle-pits, within a space of about 200 square yards, lay the carcasses of some 260 cavalry horses and wagon mules, the former bridled and saddled as they were when shot. In some spots they lay two or three deep on their sides. In others they lay on their backs with their feet in the air, as they kicked and pawed in their death agony. They recalled the Destruction of Sennacherib,

"And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But from it there rolled not the breath of his pride,
And the foam of his gasping was white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf."

Many of them had expanded to so great an extent with the gases of decomposition that a mere touch from the barrel of a soldier's carbine caused them to burst open and break their saddle girths with a sound resembling the report of a mountain howitzer.

After gazing for a few minutes on this charnel spectacle, the column crossed the stream and went into camp. Col. Henry's tent was pitched within a dozen yards of the spot on which Maj. Thornburgh had fallen. The troops were obliged to drag the swollen carcasses of three horses out of the river before the water could be used for cooking purposes.

When night fell a big camp-fire was built in front of headquarters tent, and around it gathered Col. Henry, Capt. Wessels, Lieuts. Chase and Hardee, some infantry officers and myself. The conversation turned, somehow, on the Department of the Platte, and the campaign in the fall and winter of 1877 against the brave, but unfortunate, remnant of Dull Knife's band of Northern Cheyennes.

"They're the fellows that gave you those beauty spots, Henry," said Capt. Wessels, alluding to the wounds in the face received at the battle of the Rosebud by the Colonel.

"Well," replied Henry, "they came very near fixing yourself in that fight near Red Cloud. Tell us about it."

The Captain, thus urged, stated briefly how the Cheyennes had broken away from the Indian Territory, and, after an unexampled march of nearly a thousand miles, finally reached their old reservation near Camp Robinson, Neb. They were made prisoners, and confined in the guard-house, the intention being to return them whence they came. Here they remained quietly for some months, but, somehow, they managed to secrete arms on their persons, or were supplied with them by outside confederates. One night, in mid-winter, they suddenly threw off the mask, attacked the guard and, forcing the doors of their prison, escaped to the neighboring bluffs. Several troops of the Third Cavalry started immediately in pursuit, and great mutual slaughter ensued. The savages got into the rocks and used them as rifle-pits, but the soldiers could not be discouraged, although they fell by the squad. "One sergeant," said the Captain, "was shot so close to me, that I could feel his blood spurt. It was close and warm work, but our men never let up while an Indian remained on his feet. Just as I was attacking their last stronghold, I felt a shock, a million stars danced before my eyes, and then all grew as black as death. A rifle bullet had grazed my temple and knocked me senseless. Here is its track."

Capt. Wessels took off his cap and showed a red furrow along his temple, about an inch over the ear. The hair had never grown there again.

"The men thought I was killed," he continued, "and pulled me back by the feet. Then they went in, Chase here leading, and finished the business. The last of that band of Cheyennes got wiped out that night."

Other experiences were related, and thus the evening passed until the hour came for "turning in."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$1,265 40
Patrick O'Brien, 238 Market-st., Lowell, Mass. (proceeds of entertainment)	80 00
Divs. Nos. 8, 10, 12, 23 and 26 A, O. H.	151 80
Div. No. 26 A. O. H., per John T. Keating, second installment	70 50
James M. Reddy	5 00
B. Curtis, 230 Loomis street	25 00

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ills. The home will be presented to Mrs. Curley on May 18.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

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NOTICE.

All subscribers and readers of THE CITIZEN, and all others whom it may concern, are hereby notified that one Patrick J. Flynn, residing at Halsted street and Thirty-seventh court, is not employed by THE CITIZEN in any capacity. They are, furthermore, warned against having any business transactions with him, so far as this paper is concerned.

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THE OLD GRENADIER'S STORY.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

'Twas the day beside the Pyramids
It seems but an hour ago,
That Kleber's Foot stood firm in squares,
Returning blow for blow.
The Mamelukes were tossing
Their standards to the sky,
When I heard a child's voice say, "My men,
Teach me the way to die!"

'Twas a little drummer, with his side
Torn terribly by shot;
But still he feebly beat his drum,
As though the wound were not.
And when, the Mamelukes wild horse
Burst with a scream and cry,
He said, "O men of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!

"My mother has got other sons,
With stouter hearts than mine,
But none more ready blood for France
To pour out free as wine.
Yet still life's sweet," the brave lad moaned,
"Fair is this earth and sky;
Then, comrades of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

I saw Salenche, of the granite heart,
Wiping his burning eyes;
It was by far more pitiful
Than mere loud sobs and cries.
One bit his cartridge till his lip
Grew black as winter sky,
But still the boy moaned, "Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

Oh, never saw I sight like that!
The sergeant flung down the flag,
Even the fifer bound his brow
With a wet and bloody rag;
Then looked at locks, and fixed their steel,
But never made reply,
Until he sobbed out once again,
"Teach me the way to die!"

Then, with a shout that flew to God,
They strode into the fray;
I saw their red plumes join and wave,
But slowly melt away.
The last who went—a wounded man—
Bade the poor boy good-bye,
And said, "We men of the Forty-third
Teach you the way to die!"

I never saw so sad a look
As the poor youngester cast,
When the hot smoke of cannon
In cloud and whirlwind passed.
Earth shook, and heaven answered:
I watched his eagle eye,
As he faintly moaned, "The Forth-third
Teach me the way to die!"

Then, with a musket for a crutch,
He limped into the fight;
I, with a bullet in my hip,
Had neither strength nor might.
But, proudly beating on his drum,
A fever in his eye,
I heard him moan "The Forty-third,
Taught me the way to die!"

They found him on the morrow,
Stretched on a heap of dead;
His hand was in the grenadier's
Who at his bidding bled.
They hung a medal round his neck,
And closed his dauntless eye;
On the stone they cut, "The Forty-third
Taught me the way to die!"

'Tis forty years from then till now—
The grave gapes at my feet—
Yet when I think of such a boy,
I feel my old heart beat.
And from my sleep I sometimes wake,
Hearing a feeble cry,
And a voice that says, "Now Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

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ESTATE OF JAMES T. CARROLL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James T. Carroll, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1893, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 21, 1893.

MICHAEL M. O'CONNOR and
MICHAEL T. CARROLL,
Administrators of said estate.

David Sullivan, Attorney for estate.

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The harp of the minstrel has never a tone
As sad as the song in his bosom tonight,
For the magical touch of his fingers alone
Cannot waken the echoes that breathe it aright;
But, oh! as the smile of the moon may impart
A sorrow to one in an alien clime,
Let the light of the melody fall on the heart
And cadence his grief into musical rhyme.

The faces have faded, the eyes have grown dim
That once were his passionate love and his pride;
And, alas! all the smiles that once blossomed for him,
Have fallen away as the flowers have died.
The hands that entwined him the laureate's wreath,
And crowned him with fame in the long, long ago,
Like the laurels are withered and folded beneath
The grass and the stubble—the frost and the snow.

Then sigh, if thou wilt, as the whispering strings
Strive ever in vain for the utterance clear,
And think of the sorrowful spirit that sings,
And jewel the song with the gem of the tear,
For the harp of the minstrel has never a tone
As sad as the song in his bosom tonight,
And the magical touch of his fingers alone
Cannot waken the echoes that breathe it aright.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A SINGULAR CLIENT.

"A lady to see you, sir."

Frank Tremayne hastily drew his feet from the mantelpiece, where they had been reposing, and flinging the end of his cigar into the fire turned his chair round and assumed a more decorous position before the table.

"Show her in, Dick," he said laconically, and as the lad went to obey him he seized a pen and began scribbling busily upon the margin of a very legal looking document.

"I hope it's a case," he muttered. "But it will be just my luck if it isn't."

The door swung open once more and a lady, dressed somberly and wearing a thick veil over her face, crossed the threshold.

Frank rose, bowed politely and placed a chair for her near the fire, then waited.

She sat down, and for a few moments a dead silence reigned.

Frank felt rather than knew that two piercing eyes were regarding him fixedly from behind that screening veil, and cool and unconcerned as he usually was the calm scrutiny set his pulses beating faster and caused him to fidget uneasily. At last, with a preliminary cough, he was about to open the conversation by some trivial remark when, as though divining his intention, the stranger forestalled him.

"Mr. Frank Tremayne, I believe," she began in a singularly sweet voice.

He bowed his head affirmatively, then after an instant's hesitation said:

"You wish to consult me upon some business matter I suppose, madam?"

"Yes," she murmured, and with a rapid gesture flung back her veil, disclosing a delicate, olive tinted face, a small, scarlet mouth and a pair of very dark, lustrous eyes that were a little melancholy in their expression.

Frank started, and a thrill of excitement stirred his heart. Glad as he was to at last see a possible client sitting in his office, it added to the interest that she was young and beautiful, and while he remained silent, lost in wondering admiration, she rose to her feet, moved a few steps nearer to him and gazed at him long and earnestly.

"Mr. Tremayne," she said at length, and her voice sounded a little tremulous, "I have come to make a singular proposal—one that will no doubt surprise you." She paused a second; then, without the faintest suspicion of a blush or look of self consciousness, she added:

"Will—will you marry me?"

Had a bombshell exploded at Frank's feet he could not have looked more amazed. He pushed back his chair, and not knowing whether to feel indignant or amazed at what he considered an extraordinary joke he stood speechless, regarding his strange visitor with a curious blending of wrath and mortification in his blue eyes.

"Madam," he began presently, but with a gesture half appealing, half imperious, she stopped him.

"Hear me first, please," she remarked, and Frank was astonished at the coolness of her tones. "No doubt you think me crazy, but I can assure you I am in full possession of my senses, and in all my life was never more in earnest. I ask you to marry me, and it will be to your advantage to accept the proposal. You are poor and at the beginning of your career. You want money and influence to insure success. Marry me, and one week from the day on which I take your name you will find yourself a free man, with £10,000 at your control."

Ten thousand pounds!

For one moment Frank felt dizzy, and the hot blood rushed in a torrent to his head. Then he recovered himself and put the temptation from him.

"Do not speak yet," the sweet, calm voice continued. "I want you to understand thoroughly my intentions. The marriage that I propose will in no way bind us together. You will be free to go your way, and I mine. There is only one service which I shall demand of you—only once after the ceremony shall we meet again, and then I shall pass from your life, and in a few weeks you will have forgotten that you ever knew me."

"But"——

"I do not want your answer now. Take two days to think it over, and at the end of that time I will return to learn your decision. It is not much I ask of you—just to go through the simple form of marriage, and as we part afterward it cannot make any difference to your life, unless"—here for the first time a wave of color passed over her cheeks—"unless your troth is already plighted to some one you love?"

"Oh, no!" Frank hastily replied and blushed almost as deep as his companion.

She heaved a little sigh of relief and held out her hand with a charming smile.

"You may expect me on Thursday at this hour," she said. "Goodby until then."

Mechanically he clasped the slender fingers, and in another moment she had gone from the office, leaving him in a state of bewildered doubt not easy to be described.

He dropped heavily in his chair, and for a long while remained plunged in thought.

The girl's startling proposal haunted him in spite of all his efforts to dismiss it from his mind.

Ten thousand pounds was no small sum to be lightly rejected. He was young, poor and ambitious. Gold was the magic wand which would beat down the barrier that now stood between him and success. Gold would buy him influence and friends and open the way to the realization of his dearest hopes.

Why should he not accept the tempting offer? He was heart whole and not averse to settling down into contented bachelorship, and as long as she did not mind entering into the strange compact, why should he?

These and similar thoughts agitated him for the next two days, and when on the Thursday the beautiful stranger again stood before him he had firmly decided what to do.

"Well?" she exclaimed, looking at him eagerly.

"I accept your offer," he answered, with an intense gravity in his voice, "and I hope we shall neither of us regret it. Now, may I ask you one or two questions?"

"Certainly."

"Do you mind telling me your name?"

"Nita—Nita Sinclair," she responded, smiling.

"And may I know why you want me to marry you?"

She looked embarrassed for an instant, then said slowly:

"I cannot tell you at present. After you have rendered me the service I shall ask, I will give you a complete explanation. Until then will you not trust me?"

Her large, soft eyes were gazing steadfastly into his, and a sweet, half tremulous smile parted her red lips.

For a second Frank, who, in spite of a certain amount of rough knocking about the world, was sufficiently romantic and impressionable, completely lost his head, and seizing her hand he carried it to his lips as he fervently exclaimed:

"I will trust you! Yes. Only tell me what I can do to serve you, and your orders shall be blindly and implicitly obeyed."

* * * * * *

Two weeks later, as Frank Tremayne sat in his office indulging in happy day dreams for the future, Dick suddenly entered and laid a small, blue tinted note on the table before him.

Frank opened it hurriedly, recognizing the delicate handwriting.

When he had mastered the contents, he pondered for a minute or two, a thoughtful look on his brow.

"Tomorrow I am to be at St. James' church, she says," he muttered at last, "and act as my heart and honor prompt me. Well, it's a queer command altogether and a singular place of rendezvous, but as I have promised to obey I must keep my word. I shall be glad when the business is over, and the ten thou' mine, and yet"——

He broke off with a sigh as before him rose the vision of a lovely dusky face and two tender dark eyes. Then a forced laugh escaped him, and he brushed his hand across his brow.

"Bah! I believe I am getting sentimental," he exclaimed half contemptuously.

The next morning at the hour indicated Frank entered the church Nita had mentioned in her letter.

An unusual stir about it and the large number of fashionably dressed people assembled betrayed that something of interest was about to take place. The flowers and the red cloth that reached from the altar steps to the gate outside convinced Frank that the "something" was a wedding.

He took his place in one of the pews and waited, a curious, excited sensation thrilling him.

He looked at the bridegroom elect, who was already standing near the altar, a handsome man in the prime of life, with a dark, haughty face and cold, glittering eyes.

A movement behind made Frank turn, and he gazed rather curiously at the white draped form slowly approaching.

As the bride, leaning on the arm of an elderly man, passed the pew where he sat she raised her head, and her eyes met his—a brief glance, but which nevertheless sent an electric thrill running through him.

"Nita," he scarcely breathed, and like one under the influence of a spell watched the strange and unreal scene.

At first he saw without hearing, but presently the clergyman's voice fell distinctly on his ears, and the words he uttered made Frank rise to his feet and move mechanically up to the altar.

"I forbid this marriage," he said loudly and imperiously, and seizing Nita's hand held it fast.

The bridegroom grew crimson, and a sinister light sprang to his eyes. He glanced from Frank's calm face to Nita's, and something in her eyes—a glow of secret exultation—roused a sudden, wild suspicion in his breast.

"Who are you, sir?" he hissed. "By what right do you forbid this marriage?"

"By the greatest of all rights. This lady is my wife, and while I live she can marry no other man."

"It is a lie!" the bridegroom almost shouted, while a lady whose resemblance to him proclaimed her to be his mother, moved to his side, her face deathly white.

"Your proofs!" she gasped.

Frank drew the certificate of marriage from his breast and held it before their eyes. Then as both fell back, baffled and speechless, he smiled coldly and turning to Nita said:

"Shall I take you from here?"

In silence she laid her hand on his arm, and together they passed from the church.

As they entered the waiting carriage Nita gave a quick order to the groom which Frank did not catch, but when they had left the church far behind she looked at him and for an instant laid her hand on his.

"Thank you," she said simply. "You did well."

"Still I don't quite understand," he replied. "What's the meaning of this farce?"

"It means revenge," she answered, with a little laugh. "I owe you an explanation, and you shall have it."

Then she went on to tell him how when, years ago, her beautiful mother died, and she had been left a lonely, sorrowful child, to the care of her dead father's sister, that lady's ambition had induced her to make sure of the girl's vast wealth by betrothing her early to her only son, Vincent Maxwell. Kept closely imprisoned during her girlhood, Nita had grown up entirely ignorant of the world and completely under the influence of a designing woman and cold hearted, despotic man. Even her marriage with Vincent was looked upon as a matter of course, and much as she disliked him she dared not revolt against her fate.

"And I should never have thought of defying him had he not by his own savage temper roused me from the state of semiapathy into which I had fallen," she added, and an indignant light flashed into her eyes. "One day I had refused to do his bidding—fetch him something that he had commanded in his usual imperative way—and in a momentary fit of passion he struck me."

"The coward!" Frank exclaimed and unconsciously twined his arm round her trembling form.

"I never forgot nor forgave," Nita continued. "I simply acquiesced in all they proposed and bided my time. To have revenge was the one aim of my life, and that is why I asked you to marry me. The denouement I planned in my head succeeded beautifully, and I have to thank you again for the charming way you did your part. I felt that I could rely upon you."

Frank gazed at her a moment in silence; then he said:

"Will you tell me now why you chose me, above all other men, to be the instrument of your vengeance?"

"Because I knew no one else. I met you once, two years ago. You have probably forgotten the incident. When coming up from Yorkshire, you rendered some slight assistance to Aunt Mary, and upon quitting the train, by design or accident, left your card on the seat. Some impulse made me keep the bit of pasteboard, and when I had determined to free myself from the net Aunt Mary had drawn so skillfully around me I remembered you, and—and you know the rest."

He had no time to answer. The carriage stopped in front of a small hotel, and before Frank could recover from his bewilderment he found himself alone in a warm, comfortably furnished sitting room, with Nita's parting words ringing in his ears.

"Wait for me here, please, Mr. Tremayne. I shall not be long, and then—to business."

Ten minutes later she again stood in his presence, her bridal robes changed for an elegant garnet velvet dress, which set off to advantage her slender form, dusky complexion and silky black hair. As she came, half shyly, toward him, Frank glanced at her with a new light in his eyes, and stretching out both hands he clasped hers.

"Well, what next?"

"I wrote my solicitors to meet me here, but they have not yet arrived. When they do, they will arrange with you about the money, and then—then we will say goodby."

Frank released her hands suddenly, and folding his arms across his breast gazed at her for awhile with a strange expression in his eyes.

"No," he said at last in a deep, moved voice. "We will not say goodby, Nita, or if we do I will accept nothing from you."

"You mean you will not take the money," she whispered.

"Yes, unless—unless, Nita, I take my wife with it.'

A dead silence followed his words, during which he remained steadfastly regarding her, while she, with downcast eyes and heaving breast, hesitated.

Presently, with a sweet, tremulous light on her face, she moved nearer to him and laid both hands upon his breast.

"You will take the money, Frank?"

"With you?"

"Yes."

He put his arms very gently round her, and bending his head pressed his lips to hers.

In the eloquent pause which followed that caress they looked into each other's eyes with a sort of timid wonder, and a low, tremulous ecstasy awakened in both their hearts.

At last Frank whispered:

"Nita, my wife, you will never leave me now?"

And Nita softly answered:

"Never!"—New York Dispatch.

When the Cubans Sneeze.

A situation illustrating Cuban sociological peculiarities was found in a railway trip across the island. One of the passengers, an old senora, sneezed. Instantly and reverently a score of passengers responded, "Dios te guardia" (God guard thee). She sneezed again. This time the concerted ejaculation was "Maria!" She sneezed the third time. This was followed by a chorus of voices with "Jose!" It is a universal Cuban custom, and in its motive reminds forcibly of the quite as universal German custom when one sneezes, to express kindly concern by responding with the unctious and expressive "Gesundheit."—Buffalo Courier.

Animals and Second Sight.

It is a common belief that many animals see ghosts and future events. Kerner declares that they are endowed with second sight. This faculty is thought to be especially strong in dogs and horses. Storks are known to have foreseen the burning of houses on which they have been wont to build their nests, and to have abandoned them, taking up their abode on other buildings or on trees in the vicinity. No sooner had the anticipated conflagration taken place, and a new house been erected on the same site, than they returned and built their nests as before.—Popular Science Monthly.

FEW WOMEN BARBERS

A LEARNED CRAFTSMAN SAYS THAT WOMEN CAN'T CUT HAIR.

A Possible Explanation of Why a Boy Does Not Like to Have His Mother Cut His Hair—Experience of a Traveler Dispelled by the Frenchman.

"One of my customers has just come back from Europe," said the learned French barber, "and he has been telling me about a woman barber he met in Italy. 'Monsieur,' he said to me, 'I shall never forget her. I believe you are a good barber and have the right idea of your mission, but really you cannot hold a candle to her. I tell you, she is divine. When she put the lather on my face—I had my beard off then, you know—it was as though my face had been bathed in nectar.

"'When she drew the razor across my cheek, I was thrilled with delight. And when she put on the bay rum and ran her fingers through my hair, ah, then, monsieur, I realized what it is to be caressed by an angel! Unfortunately she had a big brother who watched her carefully, and so I had little chance to talk to her. She was light and graceful as a gazelle and absolutely beautiful. Her clear, olive complexion, dark hair and perfect features won me at a glance. I haven't got over her fascination yet. If I could have her for a barber always, I'd have my hair dressed every other hour.'

"I looked at him in pity. 'Monsieur,' I said to him, 'I can easily understand your devotion to this beauty, but do not mistake your love for the woman for your devotion to the artiste. If I were not a rival for your affections, I would strongly urge you to continue to patronize her barber chair. There would be no surer way of disenchanting you and making you learn to hate her.'

"'What do you mean?' he asked me.

"'I mean, monsieur,' I replied, 'that, with all due respect for your divinity, there never was a good woman barber, and it is my firm conviction there never will be. Why? Monsieur, there are some things which we cannot explain. They are the mysteries of life, far beyond all our philosophies. Why is one man bright and another dull? Why are there optimists and pessimists? Why do some love to linger over their Burgundy while others rush through their dinners in 15 minutes? Why are some women pretty and others ugly? Are not these some of the unsolvable riddles of our strange existence? Ah, monsieur, I would like to tell you why woman, gentle, lovely, sweet woman, cannot make a good barber, but it is beyond me, although I have studied the question much.'

"What I told him is true. There are women who can shave fairly well, but there is none that can trim a beard or cut hair properly. You may say there are few men who can do so. It is true. I will not deny what is self evident. But, monsieur, there are some men who rise to the occasion, while there are no women. They have not the knack which is genius in the barber, the painter, the sculptor. They cannot do that undefinable something which gives style, force and character to the hair and beard. Even the women themselves, slow to acknowledge their inability to do anything that man can do, recognize this. Else why do the best ladies' hair dressing shops have men to cut the bangs and dress the hair of the customers? And what a difference there is between the appearance of the women whose hair is dressed by the men barbers and that of the women who give themselves over to women barbers! Let us not dwell upon this unpleasant subject.

"I have seen many women barbers in the villages of France. They were the wives and daughters of deceased men barbers. You see when the country barber dies he leaves nothing to his family, and his old customers transfer their patronage to the wife or daughter, so that the family may not starve. Really it makes little difference with them, for their skins are so tough and leathery that the razor glances off of them, and never having known what proper hair cutting or beard trimming is they never notice the lack of it.

"I remember well 20 years ago, shortly after I came to New York from Paris, how two women barbers opened a shop in this city. Their sign read, 'Women do the business here.' One was a German girl who had been a ballet dancer and knew no more about the barber's art than—you will pardon me, monsieur—you do. The other was a French girl. I knew her and her family in Paris. Her father kept a shop in one of the busy avenues, and on Saturday night his place was crowded. His assistants were his wife and two daughters. His wife fixed the customers' hair, one daughter kept the curling irons hot, the other daughter lathered the customers' faces, and he did the shaving, going from one chair to another. You see, it was a common kind of shop, patronized by the bourgeoisie only. Well, this girl who had set up in business in New York was the girl who had done the lathering in Paris.

"She had come here to earn her living, had met the ex-ballet dancer, and the two had concluded that they might make a hit as barbers. New York wasn't as big then as it is now, and the citizens were greatly astonished at the idea of women barbers. A good many men went to them for fun, and the newspapers made sport of them. Of course they knew nothing of barbering. The French girl came to me and asked me to teach her how to cut hair and trim beards, but when I told her it would cost 5 francs for a lesson she changed her mind."

The learned barber paused, lost in thought, for a moment. Then he sighed deeply.—New York Sun.

Out of Sight.

"Have you a new kite?" asked Willie of Tommy, who was standing on the hilltop holding the end of a string.

"Course I have," replied Tommy.

"Is it a good one?"

"You bet! It's out of sight."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

PRIZES FOR BRIGHT PEOPLE.

IF YOU are one of the bright ones and can read the above rebus you may receive a reward which will pay you many times over for your trouble. The proprietor of the BUFFALO SUNDAY TRUTH, which has been established for eleven years, offers a first-class handsome *UPRIGHT PIANO*, valued at $500.00, to the person who sends in the first correct solution of the above rebus; a reward of a handsome Ladies' or Gentleman's *SOLID GOLD WATCH*, valued at $100.00, to the person who sends in the second correct solution; a reward of a pair of genuine *DIAMOND EAR-RINGS* for the third correct solution; a reward of an elegant *SWISS MUSIC BOX* for each of the next three correct solutions; a handsome *SILK DRESS PATTERN* (16 yards) for each of the next three correct solutions.

Every one sending a solution must enclose with the same *50 CENTS* (two-cent stamps, postal note or silver) for a three months' trial subscription to the BUFFALO SUNDAY TRUTH, Buffalo's High-class Illustrated Weekly Newspaper. The envelope which contains correct solution bearing first postmark will receive first reward, and the balance in order as received. All letters must pass through the mails as postmark is given precedence. Thus, persons living at a distance have an equal opportunity.

For the correct solution received last is offered a *SAFETY BICYCLE*; for the next to the last will be given an elegant pair of genuine *DIAMOND EAR-RINGS*; for the third from the last will be awarded a handsome *GOLD WATCH*; for the fourth from the last a *SWISS MUSIC BOX*; for the fifth, sixth and seventh from the last will be awarded a *SILK DRESS PATTERN* (16 yards). Every successful contestant must become a yearly subscriber.

Additional Prizes consisting of silverware, complete sets of Dickens' Works, and many other useful and valuable prizes will be awarded to **Every Person Sending in Correct Solutions.** Names of those receiving rewards will be published in our paper at close of competition. All answers must be mailed on or before June 15th, 1893.

The object in giving away all of these valuable prizes is to secure trial subscribers, whom we expect to please so well that they will renew their subscriptions and thus we build up a large circulation and get more advertising at higher rates than we would otherwise. The SUNDAY TRUTH has been established for **ELEVEN YEARS** and occupies a prominent position among newspaper publishers and business men as a **High-class Illustrated Weekly Newspaper. Perfect impartiality is guaranteed in giving the rewards.** Send in your answer early and you may receive a valuable prize. Address

The Sunday Truth, "X" Buffalo, N. Y.

Catching Fish While Asleep.

"Never saw a fish asleep, eh?" said Cornelius Hinman, who is located at the Lindell. "Well, I have. I've seen them sleep sound and much to their sorrow, especially catfish. There is nothing more wary than a fish. You know that you can't creep up on them nor drop a pebble anywhere within 50 feet of them but what they will dodge away—that is, when they are not asleep. How I come to know so much of this is that I have caught them without bait when they were sleeping, although I did use a hook and line. The first one that I ever caught this way was a large catfish that I observed daily to be in one particular spot—the base of a wooden pile that protected an icehouse chute that led out into the water. A kind of nest was there, a depression in the mud, and here that catfish was to be found every day at about 2 p. m. It would lay for hours in the rays of the afternoon sun and never move.

"I decided to catch it. First I fished around there day after day, but to no purpose. Bait of any kind wasn't any inducement to that catfish. I concluded that it must be asleep when it would allow a fat minnow to swim by and never touch it. I got a sharp plain hook, which I properly weighted, so that it would act direct. I lowered it and moved it slowly up to the side of the fish. Then I turned the line so that the hook was directly under it. Then I gave the hook a quick jerk. The catfish darted away, but not very far. I had him foul, and all because he was sleeping. I have caught pike and sunfish the same way at least a dozen different times."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Her Chat With the Emperor.

Mrs. Flyer had just returned from Europe. Of course the "Woman's club" was eagerly watching for her arrival, and just as soon as she got back a reception was tendered to her. The room was crowded, and Mrs. Flyer became the center of a group of interested listeners. Everybody wanted to know just what she had done and how she had done it, whether she got her gloves and silks in all right, etc. At last Miss Perkins said, "And did you go to Berlin?"

"Oh, yes. And really I did have the most delightful time. I was at a reception one night and met the emperor."

There was a silence. The magnitude of the thing astonished the club. But curiosity conquered, and Mrs. Flyer went on:

"Yes, he was there with all his officers, and I did have such a delightful conversation with him."

"Oh, tell us about it. Did you talk long?"

"No, you see my German isn't very good, and I was a little bit flustered, so I only asked him a question or two."

"And what did you say?"

"Oh, I just smiled and said 'Sprechen sie Deutsch?'"—Boston Budget.

Comforts and Dangers.

Many of the comforts of modern life can only be enjoyed at the risk of serious accidents. Leaking gas pipes cause explosions, and the death roll for which that new agent, electricity, is responsible is already considerable. Each severe frost brings its crop of boiler accidents. Paraffin lamps continue to explode. Every day or every night there are fires, many of which lead to frightful accidents and often death.

The large masses of people gathered together in a huge city like this are exposed to constant attacks from those insidious enemies, the bacteria. The dust and soot and fog foster these enemies of human life. The ground under London is honeycombed with drainage pipes, large and small, measuring thousands of miles. Each mile of drain is charged, sometimes at high pressure, with poisons sufficient to kill hundreds of the healthiest men. It is enough to make us shudder to think that only a few feet divide us from a gigantic, death dealing octopus. So that it appears if we give up traveling we run an almost equal peril in staying at home.—"Suffering London."

A California Lumber Flume.

The county of Fresno, Cal., boasts of a flume 52 miles long, built of timber throughout and designed for conveying lumber from the place of felling in the Sierra Nevada mountains to the plains below. In section the flume is V shaped, the angle being 90 degrees. The V is 21 inches deep and for the most part 3 feet 7 inches across the top, this width being increased, however, at various points where a decrease in the grade necessitates a larger volume of water to carry the timber, the lower terminus being 5 feet 4 inches wide by 31 inches deep.

The main supply of water is received from a lake near its head, but four additional feeders are led into it at different points along its length. The sides of the flume are constructed of 1¼-inch boards, and the structure is carried on trestle work for nearly the whole length, these trestles being as many as 180 feet high in some of the deep canyons crossed by the flume. The steepest grade is one of 1,200 feet to the mile, maintained for about 3,000 feet.—Chicago Tribune.

Savages Who Know Little Arithmetic.

In Galton's "Tropical South Africa" it is stated that the Dammaras use no term beyond three, and that when they wish to express four they take to their fingers. Beyond five they cannot count at all. It is seldom, however, that they lose in a bargain through their inability to count. When bartering, each sheep or oxen, or whatever they may be selling, must be paid for separately. If this rate of exchange were at the rate of two sticks of tobacco for one sheep, it would greatly puzzle a Dammara to accept four sticks for two sheep. Galton says that he several times paid them in that way, and that the Dammara forthwith set aside two sticks for one of the sheep, and even when he found that he had two sticks left for the other sheep he still had his doubts as to the genuineness of the transaction and was not satisfied until two sticks were put into his hand and one sheep driven away, and then another two sticks given to him for the other sheep.

Palestine Under the Caliphs.

In the first century of the decline of the great caliphs of Bagdad, Bernard, a Breton monk from the celebrated monastery of Mont St. Michel, set out for the Holy Land, traveling first to Rome. He found the Saracens in possession of Bari and transporting thousands of Italian Christians captives to Egypt and Barbary. After a month's sailing he reached Alexandria, where heavy tolls were levied, and so entered Palestine from the south by Gaza. His account contains the first known notice of the miracle of the holy fire, which must have been a recent custom, or Antony and Willibald, Sylvia and Paula would not all alike have been silent on the subject. He also speaks of the hospice for pilgrims erected by Charlemagne in Jerusalem near the sight afterward famous as the Hospital of the Knights of St. John.—Edinburgh Review.

A Woman's True Beauty.

The line in woman from the armpit to the ankle is the one of principal beauty in the sculpture that has been extolled by nine generations of the most intellectually cultivated of our race through the varying conditions of 300 years. It is this line that is pushed inward by mechanical force till an ugly angle is produced at the hips. So wide is the departure from true beauty that it is assumed that the distortion is natural, and that the normal use of the hideous hollow is to support weight.

The outline of the front of a woman's body is also composed of similar gentle outward curves, not one inward curve from the chin over the breastbone and below. Never a corset was made that did not destroy the beauty of this line, making a depression below the bust, exaggerating its proper size and most repulsively enlarging the natural outward curve of the abdomen.

A slight sketch by an artist would show at once that the modest curves of the typical womanly form are distinctly unlike the more spirited lines of a man—one suggesting retiring beauty, the other aggressiveness and bravery.

We consider the finest development for a woman that which best illustrates her typical qualities. We consider the best dress for woman that which fails to obscure her distinctive physical features. In pictures of good costumes faithfully represented or idealized by artists we find those giving most pleasure which tend to enhance these differing characteristics.—Philadelphia Times.

SIXTEEN YEARS OF EUCHRE.

Nearly 20,000 Games, and One Side Only 154 Games Ahead.

Twenty thousand games of euchre! This is the record of the play of the four Chicago gentlemen who have sat every Saturday evening for the past 16 years and engaged in that game which generally marks the initiation of every novice into the never ending mysteries of cards. Daniel Westervelt and C. L. Root have played against Thomas Benton James and James Taylor. They have been urged many times to play whist or casino or pinochle or seven up, but never for one moment have they swerved from their devotion to euchre.

To be absolutely correct, these four euchre players, these two pairs of faithful adherents to the powers of bowers, reached their nineteen thousand six hundred and fiftieth game of euchre Saturday evening, and upon the occasion of the twenty thousandth game each of the players intends arriving at the scene of play smoking a 50-cent cigar. Except on holidays or anniversaries, it is said, they are supremely indifferent to the quality of the tobacco they burn.

Thomas Benton James is a pensioner of the wholesale house of Marshall Field & Co. He was a general salesman for that firm and its predecessors for 26 years, and about two years ago was placed upon the retired list with continued pay for services rendered. He is a sprightly gentleman of mature years, which he places at 69, but which his friends usually speak of as being somewhere under 100. Mr. James' partner is James Taylor, a congenial companion with a life record of 70 years. It is said that James Taylor can indicate by a graduated system of pressure upon the foot of Thomas Benton James whether he is holding right, left and ace, ten spot and queen, or no trumps at all. Daniel Westervelt is 73 years old. He was a salesman for Field, Leiter & Co., afterward for A. T. Stewart & Co., and finally for Storm & Hill, retiring when the latter firm retired. C. L. Root is the "boy" of the quartet. He is only 63 and is considered rather wild and frisky by his companions. Mr. Root drove stage between Blue Island and Chicago during the period between 1830 and 1840 and took no stock whatever in the future of the city.

Every Saturday night as regularly as the week rolls around these four cronies meet and play euchre. They shift about, like sittings of the supreme court, from one house to another, but they always sit in the same chairs and in the same relative positions. Almost eight years ago Mr. James brought to a meeting a copy of "Cavendish on Whist," for which he came near being expelled from the society.

The four players have become so attached to the simple game of euchre that it is now a part of their very natures, and in the 16 years of their weekly contests only on an occasional case of sickness, to the number of three or four times in all, has canceled the engagement of either player. A complete record of the games is kept to show which side leads from year to year. At present Mr. James and his partner are 154 games ahead of their opponents. At the ten thousandth game they were 192 games in the lead, but have been losing for the last two years. For a period of five years there was no material gain for either side.

All four of these lifetime euchreists are gentlemen rather simple in their customs, disinclined to adopt the intricacies of whist or the novelty of cinch, and are unwilling to concede that some Saturday night three of their number will meet at the appointed place, light their cigars, get the cards in readiness and wait for one who will never deal the cards again. —Chicago News-Record.

A Scene In a Town Meeting.

To a city man town meetings are a novelty. I attended one some years ago, over which an ex-governor presided. The various reports had been acted upon, and finally was read by the moderator an article on the amount of money the town should appropriate for the support of the schools this year.

The question had hardly been put when a citizen with a pronounced German accent jumped up, and with a roguish twinkle in his eye said: "Mr. Moderator, I want to ask the taxpayers to think a little while before we appropriate so much money as we did last year. What is de use of supporting a high school in this town if the childrens spend their time learning how many legs a straddlebug has got, when they can't answer some of the simplest questions. I want my boys and girls to learn something practical. The other day I wanted to write a letter to order some borax that I use in my business, and I said to my daughter, 'Gretchen, how do you spell borax?' and what do you suppose she said? She said she didn't know. I tell you, gentlemen, what we want is more common sense lessons and not so much straddlebugs business."—Boston Globe.

A Shopkeeper With Two Prices.

I was buying a pair of spectacles not long ago from the man that sold me every pair I ever had. Several people were standing at the counter. I laid down $1.50 and started to go. He called me back.

"Two dollars, if you please, Mr. Bystander."

"Why—why," said I in astonishment, "I thought it was only $1.50."

"Two dollars, sir. I never sold a pair of spectacles in this shop for less."

I added the other 50 cents and once more turned to go. Again he interrupted me.

"I wish you would step back into the rear of the shop, Mr. Bystander. I have a geological specimen I want to show you."

I followed him meekly. As soon as we were out of hearing of the others he shoved a half dollar into my hand.

"There's your geological specimen," he growled. "Don't you ever play me a trick like that again. You never paid $2 for a pair of spectacles in your life."

I felt that I had met a genius and was humbled accordingly.—Cincinnati Tribune.

From a New Point of View.

"For years," said a steady churchgoer, "I had been sitting in the same pew and in the same seat—the end seat by the aisle. Usually the other places are occupied by members of my family, for we all attend church pretty regularly, but one Sunday recently, when for one reason and another they had all stayed at home, I sat in my pew alone. Seeing plenty of room there, the usher brought to sit with me a stranger. I was of course glad to welcome him. I did not get up and step out into the aisle so that he might pass in by me, but I moved along to the other end of the pew and let him sit in my place. When I had seen him comfortably seated and handed him a hymnbook and had turned toward the pulpit again I was surprised to find that everything in the church seemed new and strange to me. For a long time I had been accustomed to seeing the backs of the heads of my friends and neighbors who sit in front of me and the sides of their faces from a certain point of view.

"I saw them now from another point of view, and they all seemed to look very differently. I saw children who appeared from their demeanor to be regular attendants at church, but whom I had never noticed there before. They had been there of course, but my view of them had been cut off by the heads and shoulders of other persons. The preacher appeared to me in another light, and it seemed as though his sermon, coming as it did along a new angle, came with new power. Indeed it was almost like visiting a new church. The fact is that we are all such creatures of habit that we are apt to be surprised if we depart even a little way from the road we are accustomed to travel."—New York Sun.

Uses for Dudes.

The plain, everyday young man, with a superfluity of cheek and deficiency of chin, who seems to have been born with a tooth for buckhorn, was born for some good purpose, no doubt, though it is hard to tell just what it is.

A western gentleman who runs a country newspaper at home has been in New York recently and thinks he has made a valuable discovery. He saw one of these young men in a doorway of Delmonico's, standing there sucking his cane gloomily and looking almost human.

"We can't get any servant girls in my town," said the westerner. "Our best people have to do all their own work, though they are willing and able to pay for having it done. All the new generation of girls out our way have been sent to high school, normal school and college, and are educated way out of sight of the kitchen and would faint at a washtub. Now that young man over there looks as if he might be taught housework. He could at least mind the baby while the old woman worked. I understand you have lots of those fellows here. You call them 'chippies' or 'chappies.' There doesn't seem to be much prospect of making men out of them. Why not turn in and make women out of them? If that fellow would only go out west with me I'd give him a good place where he could cook, wash dishes, tend baby and make himself a useful and happy citizen and get good wages too."—New York Herald.

Some Historic Places.

The walls of Kilcolman castle, built by Raleigh for Spenser, are still standing. The state drawing room in which the poet is said to have written the "Faery Queen" is used as a stable, and a cow touches the opposite walls with her horns and tail.

The castle of Chillon, commanding an important mountain pass, was for ages a favorite fortress of the dukes of Savoy. The stranger passes through the dungeons below the lake where Bonnivard was chained and where other prisoners starved to death up to the unaired, damp little rooms above, and is tempted to think that the royal dukes were not much more comfortably housed than their enemies.

"But," argues the triumphant foreigner, "if your houses are large and luxurious, with modern appliances, think of the immortal deeds which ennobled these cramped closets and narrow closes!"

Not all the courage of men is spent; not all the laurel crowns have been won! Smith, of New York, or Jones, of Tacoma, in his comfortable, commonplace home, is quite as likely to justify his right to live by lofty aims and noble acts as was any Sidney or Bourbon.—Youth's Companion.

Art in Children's Toys.

The tendency to do everything better than formerly is again shown in the wonderful toy animals offered at fairs and exchanges.

In the infancy of this art rabbits and elephants of white and gray canton flannel, with shoe buttons for eyes and abnormally developed legs which yet often failed to support the stuffed bodies dependent upon them, were the highest specimens seen. Now, however, realistic animals, carefully fashioned from drawings from life, animals of natural symmetry and proportions, that stand properly and are made of colors admirably imitating the skin or fur with which the living model is provided—these are the present results. The nicety of the work in detail secures a really wonderful effect as a whole.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Must Earn His Fee.

Dr. Pighead visits Mr. Coldham, the great pork manufacturer.

"Well, my dear sir, I don't see that there is anything radically wrong with you. Go to bed early, don't drink anything stronger than coffee, and you'll be all right in a week."

"What! Are you not going to give me any medicine?"

"Certainly not. You don't need it."

"But you get your money just the same."

"Yes. Just so."

"Well, I don't think it is a square deal. S'posin you bleed me, put a mustard plaster on the back of my neck and gimme a dose of salts. Everybody that works for me's got to earn his salary."—London Tit-Bits.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Spare taken in great doses of medicine in my life but no remedy ever helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I consider the best blood purifier in the world. E. Walz 519 Dillwyn St. Philadelphia, Pa.

CURES OTHERS, Will Cure You.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State Delegate, Lawrence Henely, Twenty-seventh-st and Lake shore, Chicago.
State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div No 1—J J Adamson, Pres, 552 W Fourteenth-st; R P O'Grady, V P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 Ashland-av; Christopher McLaughlin, Fin Sec; Jere'h O'Brien, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2 p m, at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted sts.

Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 120 Lytle-st; Patrick Carmody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3442 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin Sec; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Edgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4520 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2336 Fifth-av; Lawrence Henely, V P; P J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Flanegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour-av.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3602 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'dern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 25—P Molloy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 26—Pat Dolan, Pres, Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3813 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3756 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5827 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 3447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C Mcinerney, Treas. Meet 3d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

J H Carmody, President; William Horgan, V-P.; J H Howard, Rec Sec; William Tobin, Fin Sec; P J Kennedy, Treas; John Byrne, Knight Commander; John Tobin, Vice-Kt Commander; D J Solon, Sergt-at-Arms. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m in Temperance hall, cor Taylor and Miller-sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. H. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. . O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George B Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo O Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 528 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 2 7 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEnenny, Rec Sec, 729 Hannan st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 W nthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 348 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eder, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st. Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John O Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 359 W Huron st J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 358 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R, Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st. John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemstoger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

A Badge of Office.

Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the author of countless tales of romance and adventure, was a printer by trade, and on one occasion especially his printer's rule served him a good turn. At 17 years of age he had entered the navy, where his duties were arduous and monotonous. He was serving on the sloop of war Fairfield when it was cruising along the African coast, and one day, desperately tired of his duties, he stood leaning against a gun, his old composing rule in his hand.

"What's that?" asked an abrupt voice, and turning with a start young Cobb saw that the captain was watching him.

"It's a printer's rule, sir," was the reply.

"Are you a printer?"

"That's my profession, sir."

"Do you know anything about proofreading? Could you take a manuscript and punctuate and arrange it so that a printer would know just how to put it in type?"

"I could once, sir, and I think I have not forgotten."

"What are you doing now?"

"I am on duty here, in charge of your cabin, sir, and of the ship's time."

"Yes, I know. Mr. Dodd," he called to the officer of the deck, "will you have this man relieved? As soon as you are at liberty," he added, addressing the young man, "report to me in my cabin."

The youth did so and was given a mass of notes referring to various voyages and travels in foreign lands to be sorted and arranged for the printer. This work occupied him during the entire voyage. Thus he had found, thanks to his printer's rule, the easiest berth on board the ship.—Youth's Companion.

A Clever Advertiser.

A gentleman advertised for a wife, and one of the answers to his advertisement was from Preston. After a lot of loving correspondence a meeting was arranged at Preston station. The agreement was that he should carry a light blue silk handkerchief in his left hand, but being suspicious of a sell he went to Preston by an earlier train, and, as he suspected, he found that a few choice spirits had arranged a warm reception for his benefit.

A short time before the train he was expected by was due the lady, accompanied by several young fellows, arrived at the station, and the fellows made themselves scarce when the train was signaled. The advertiser followed them to a hotel to watch the development of the play. The young fellows were awfully disappointed when the young lady reported that their intended victim had not turned up, and they proceeded to appoint a judge, jury and counsel to try him, although he was absent.

The gentleman was asked to be one of the jurymen. All the letters were read, and counsel made their speeches. After the trial was over the company spent a jolly evening, and at its conclusion they accompanied the advertiser to the station. When his train was just starting, he leaned out of the window and waved his blue handkerchief in the faces of his thunderstruck escort.—London Tit-Bits.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face. Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15 THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

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No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12 35.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

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Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold case which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a hand some engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13 75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem-winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

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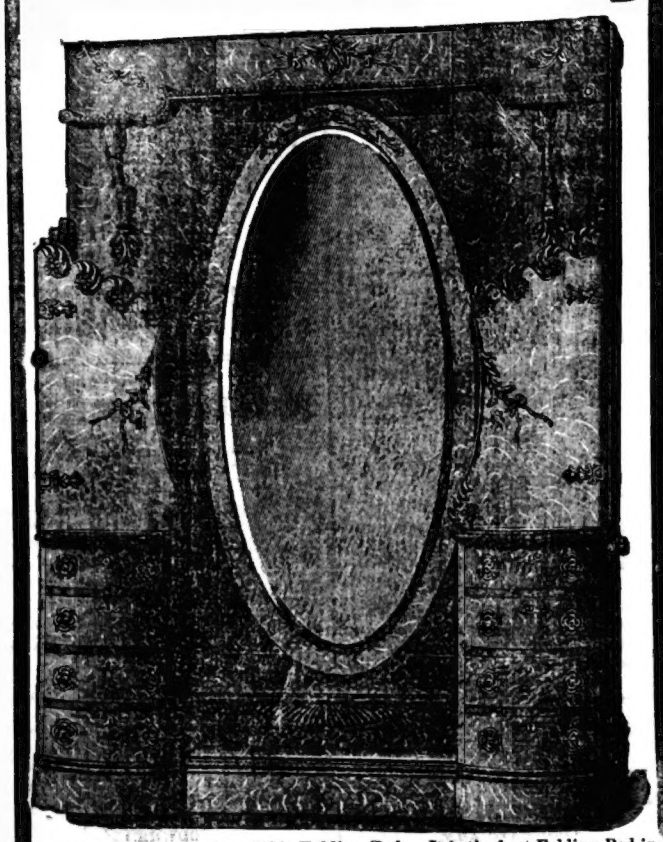

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